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THE ROAD of THE ROUGH

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SEYMOUR DURST

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FORT NEW AMSTERDAM



(NEW YORK), 1651.

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"Ever'thing comes t' him who waits
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July 2. 1934

THE ROAD OF THE ROUGH

A Simple Story of Life in New York City.

BY
MAURICE M. MINTON.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY G. A. TRAVER AND GEORGE VARIAN.

FROM THE PRESS OF
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Entered at the New York Post-Office as Second Class Mail Matter.

Travellers on the Road of the Roun.

| | | |
|-------------------------------------|-----------|------------------------------|
| Frederic Raingold, Esq., | - - - | Master of Wall Street. |
| Frederic Raingold, Jr., (his son,) | | A Young Man About Town. |
| Alfred Cecil, | - - - - - | A Citizen of Bohemia. |
| Inspector Byrnes, | - - - | New York's Great Detective. |
| "P. K." Connaughton, | - - | Principal Keeper, Sing Sing. |
| Mr. Huff, | - - - - - | A Gambler. |
| "GENTLEMAN TOM," | - - - | A Sixth Ward Street Boy. |
| Mrs. Frederic Raingold, | - - - | A Leader of Society. |
| Miss Mary Raingold, (her daughter,) | | A Flower of Murray Hill. |
| Widow McCarty, (Tom's mother,) | | One Who Held Her Tongue. |
| Mabel, (Mildred's maid,) | - - - | A Flower of the Slums. |
| MISS MILDRED VANE, "COMRADE," | | An Actress and Bohemian. |

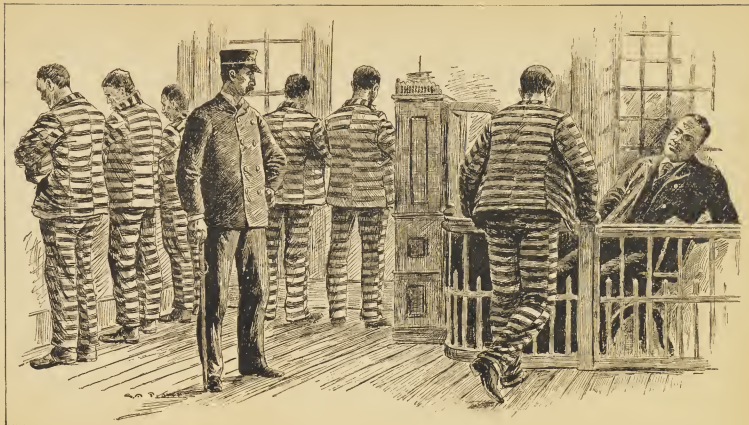
Also a Company of Judges, Police Captains, Wardens,
Stock Brokers, Clubmen, Sports and Attendants.

City and County Milestones.

FIRST MILESTONE.—The Sixth Ward—Little Mother—The Big Tenement—"Gentleman Tom"—Among Italians—An Arrest—Police Stations—"Take Him Back!"—Captain O'Connor's Guests—"The Tombs"—A Fashionable Household—"Comrade"—Delmonico's—The Clay Pipe Club—A Delmonico Ball—An Errand of Mercy—Police Headquarters—In the Lair of the Tiger—A Corner of Bohemia.

SECOND MILESTONE.—"The Black Maria"—A Fight for Liberty—An Engagement—Emancipated—Court of General Sessions—"All Aboard for Sing Sing!"—The State Prison—Fourteen Hundred Saints in Cloisters—Hard Hit—An Empty Heart, a Deserted Hearth—Hard Labor—The Rag Shop—The Journalist and the Actress—A Memorable First Night—A Noble Effort Crowned with Victory.

THIRD MILESTONE.—Wall Street—Bulls and Bears—Panic—In the Face of Victory—Money Fails to Buy Life or Happiness—Face to Face—In the Sisterhood of Women—We May not all Love and Marry—Parting—Dreams of Pardon—Gallery 25—A Lawyer's Errand—A Well-Kept Secret—Justice—Silence.



"They stood, faces to the wall, waiting their turn to speak to Head Keeper Connaughton." (See page 97.)



IN life, as in chess, there are pawns set upon the squares of the checker-board.

They move, as they are moved, by the Master of the Game.

Problem succeeds problem; and we? We watch the progress of the game; the solution of the problem.

Insignificant mortals in the dark corners of great cities are to him who sees little in the grand problem of life no more than pawns to the blockhead at chess, who stupidly loses them, and then the game.

The expert player does not despise the pawn.

* * * *

Out of the small has come the large; out of the little has come the great.

In America many of the foremost men have come out of the narrow streets, out of the shadow of high walls, out of the sink-pots of the city. Pawns they were, indeed, but they were moved forward by the Master, square by square.

* * * *

Back from the bright broad thoroughfares; back from the well-built sections; back from the gay places frequented by the rich and the happy; back from the brilliantly illuminated temples of pleasure, are the dark, narrow streets, the rattle-trap quarters of decaying rookeries, the wretched district frequented by the poor and the unhappy, the garishly lighted halls of low entertainment. The difference in localities corresponds with difference in social conditions. They are set apart; the stronger from the weaker, the richer from the poorer, the higher from the lower.

Neither virtue nor vice is the heritage of one class more than of the other. The babe sweetly sleeping under many

folds of soft, lace-trimmed linen may prove in later days as great a rascal as the rag-wrapped infant fretfully sleeping in the broken wicker-basket. If in the moral make-up of either there is a weak spot, time and opportunity will develop the defaulter, the forger, and the swindler, or the pickpocket, the thief, and the burglar.

In the higher walks of life, man is tame; in the lower, man is wild. In the higher, he is polished, smooth, elegant; in the lower, he is rough, coarse, vulgar. These distinctions are but the reflections of environment. So impressed are we with this that we unconsciously associate manners and habits with locality, and look for higher or lower life on what we have been taught to regard the higher and lower planes. Therefore, we naturally expect the morals as well as the manners of the Avenue to attain a higher degree of excellence than those of the alley. Still, as it is not, in the main, the purpose of the author to discuss the moral or social conditions of the fortunate, but rather to lead the reader along the footworn pavement of the unfortunate, the writer will leave the precincts of the Avenue, enter the quarter of the alleys, and pursue the Road of the Rough.

In all large cities, as well as in the city of New York, in which, for the sake of convenience, the incidents in these chapters are located, the Road of the Rough is always the same. It has the same milestones to mark off its distances, the same saloon lamps to light it up, the same dark nooks to screen loiterers, the same sunless alleyways to breed pale-faced children, the same damp cellars to shelter families, the same wretched, ill-ventilated hallways, the same broken, creaking stairways, the same roof-tops to facilitate the escape of the police-pursued tough of the district.

It matters little what the time of the day may be when we set out upon our journey, for, what we meet with, we must perceive with our senses as well as see with our eyes. It matters not whether the sun be shining at high noon, or whether the moon be slanting her silvery beams, for, by day and by night, under the sun and under the stars, the restless tide, sullen and sombre, flows on.

M. M. M.

THE ROAD OF THE ROUGH.



CHAPTER I.

IN WHICH THE WRITER INVITES THE READER TO STROLL
DOWN THE BOWERY, AND SEE FOR HIMSELF WHERE
HIS POORER BROTHERS AND SISTERS LEARN
THEIR FIRST LESSONS.

LET us start on the Road of the Rough at Cooper Institute. Here, the Bowery, stretching away to the southward, divides like a two-pronged fork into those great thoroughfares, Third and Fourth avenues.

How changed is the Bowery of "ye olden times"! We can scarce believe that where the long line of shops and stores now stand to tempt the passer-by were open fields; and that once stately elms lined the pavements, affording gentle shade on hot summer days. Beneath those trees in the early morning, as was the custom, walked the gentle maid escorted by her love-touched swain, and if her parents favored her suitor, she would ask him home to breakfast to eat mackerel from the household mackerel barrel. With sounding horn and cracking whip, with jolt and swing, the gay-bellied coach to Boston would rush and clatter on its way; on high-stepping horses, wearing the brave livery of King George, would trot past a British officer at the head of a company of dragoons; and in his little wagon, speeding along behind a quick-footed mare, was often seen the Yankee clock-maker—in those days the type of American commercial enterprise. Now all are gone—trees, fields, trysting-place, the coach, the livery of the king—and naught is left save evidences of commercial thrift.

There is nothing to recall the past as we journey down the Bowery; save, perhaps, now and then, an altered front which has been changed to meet the requirements of changed surroundings. These are the signs of deterioration; the evidences of a street passing from a residential condition to a possible commercial importance. As we jog along we note the pavements grow narrower, the curbs creep out into the street, the fronts of buildings come closer together, and overhead the tracks of the railroad on stilts run side by side. The stores are smaller; the walls that divide them thinner; the merchandise the store-keeper offers encroaches on the pavement; the goods offered are poorer in quality and cheaper in price; while the people in passing brush one another. Hastily we note the cheap theatres with glaring three-sheet posters, small restaurants with coffee and cake signs conspicuously posted in windows, the three gilded balls over the pawnbroker's glazed door and wire-netted windows; and the signs, "Lodgings, ten cents."

We feel there is a shadow upon the streets. It is deepest in the gloom of the iron road, it creeps into the small store, into the heart of the store-keeper, and into the hearts of those who sit so close in the cheap lodging-houses. For a moment we feel the shadow upon us, and we turn off the noisy thoroughfare. We strike across to East Broadway. Here commerce has not turned her bustling presence. Decay has come. A poorer class has followed a richer. Tenements have followed in the wake of residences. Women do the work of men. An aged Italian woman, with her head enveloped in a faded scarf, moves wearily along with a heavy pack swung over her shoulder. A shout of joyous laughter attracts our attention; it is the laughter of children at play. What a merry, whole-souled chorus of laughter it is! They, those bare-footed youngsters of both sexes, strangely dressed in old-fashioned, ill-shaped clothes, reminders of elder brothers and sisters, perhaps fathers and mothers, are grouped in a circle. In their midst is the cause of the hilarity. The circle breaks, and the writer catches a glimpse of "the cause." A ragged and bedraggled woman, advanced in years, is prostrate upon the pavement, too drunk to rise; yet, conscious of the jeers of the urchins about her, she resents the gibes with many oaths, hurling her shoe at the gibers. The mission school may throw open its doors, the sweet-faced teacher may tell on Sunday the old, old story of Bethlehem and Calvary, but the pavement is ever ready and the drunkard teaches every day that familiarity with vice robs it of its hideousness.



“What a strange bit of motherhood she is!” (See page 9.)

Again we pass through a narrow street. Its windows are literally swarming with people; young and old are absorbed in watching a procession pass over the rough, sloppy cobblestones. There are carriages, too, queer old rattle-trap concerns which have seen better days; they seem to moan with age as they go creaking along, closing up behind the hearse. The youngsters glance with timid looks into the long, dark, ill-smelling hallway through which the coffin has been brought; their faces are grave as mourners', but eager with interest. One tiny tot cautiously peeps with one eye over a fold of his little sister's dress, while she—this old-faced nurse—holding a sleeping baby in her arms; in low, hushed voice volubly explains that "him was burnt in de fire, was took to de 'ospital, an' went dead in de ambulance fir dey got 'im in. His wake was just 'eavenly. The old 'oman says 'is end was more bootiful than all 'is life knocked into one!"

In this street the writer discovered that nothing, save a riot, when the police use their clubs and the militia are under arms, enjoys the popularity of a well-attended funeral.

The last coach, two blocks distant, has vanished around the corner, heads are withdrawn from windows, children whisk themselves off, and the street assumes its old, dull, dreary, sleepy air. But not out of sight is the young nurse. What a strange bit of motherhood she is! With what mother's care this little maid of twelve watches her charges! About her broad shoulders hangs an old waist, a size too small, split in the back, revealing the white skin and a discolored rumpled shirt or bodice. But no thought of dress disturbs her. One thought quickens her pace; she has stood too long watching the funeral—poor little woman, poor little gossip! Where is she going? We follow.

It is scarce possible to believe that the child with the burden, and the infant at her side, could pass so speedily. How perfect her knowledge of the locality! Now she passes through an alleyway, now through a hallway, around strange corners of queer streets, which in themselves seem to have no reason for existence, out into a broad street, to pursue it for a block, and then to dive into another hallway. Yet this zigzag course is to the southeast. It is a short cut. Once in the open street she pauses before a green-grocer's shop to shift the sleeping infant in her arms. The youngster at her side grabs at a red-faced apple. The thievish little hand receives a smart slap, and the rebuke: "Is it fur stalen dem apples ye are out wid me, Thomas Michael, rite under de nose of de peeler." Thomas Michael makes hideous moan. But on they go. They

reach the Bowery. A big policeman lifts Thomas Michael high on his shoulder, crosses under the elevated railroad, followed by the little nurse, who cautiously picks her way, narrowly escaping being knocked down by a passing carriage.

On she goes, unconscious of the writer, who follows close behind her. What a strange quarter in the heart of an American city! Chinese signs hang over the pavement. Chinese articles of merchandise are visible in the shop windows, sentinels stand guard at the entrance of the fan-tan houses, and scores of Chinese of the lowest order pass in and out of the low-lying buildings. They scarce notice the children, but out of the corners of their cunning, queer-shaped eyes they peep at the writer. Suddenly she turns and passes fearlessly into a black hallway; the writer, reluctantly and timidly, follows. The atmosphere is permeated with a strange, peculiar odor. A young woman with a dull, whitish face passes the writer, jostling him slightly. She is neatly attired. A thin voice from a dark place cries shrilly, "Pleece!" At once there is a shutting of doors, a rattling of bolts, and a stronger smell of the pungent, sickly odor—opium. In a twinkling the farther end of the hall is reached, and another street is beneath our feet.

A transformation scene in a theatre could not be quicker. Instead of Chinese, the street is swarming with sturdy, murderous-looking Italians, who saunter about, talking their native language. On the door-steps are seated fine-looking, dark-skinned, rosy-cheeked Italian women, with big, flashing, beautiful eyes. Italian children by the score are clinging over the rails and racing across the narrow street. On goes our little guide, now almost dragging the weary little tot at her side. She turns into an alley. It leads into a triangular court, across one side of which a tall building—a rear building—raises its frowning front. Rusty fire-escapes break its factory-like exterior, each of which is loaded with a miscellaneous assortment of discarded pots, pans, boxes, bedding, and packages, put there by the tenants. The court is crossed and recrossed with laundry ropes, from which tattered articles of wearing apparel flutter in a dejected sort of way in the chimney-like draught of the yard. Pushing a half-closed door open, the little nurse enters and ascends the stairs. She is at home!

It takes more than a moment's thought to determine whether one has a right to venture through a door-way, even if that door-way be in a tenement house. A home is a home, however humble it may seem. Still, let us on!

Let him who lives surrounded by luxury, by all that tends to the comfort of creature man, congratulate himself, not only upon the carpets on his floors, the pictures on his walls, the handsome furniture in his rooms, the well-cooked meals on his table, but also for the pure fresh air that fills his lungs, uncontaminated by foul odors. Such, however, is far from being the case with many hundreds in the great, rich metropolis of the Empire State; hundreds have never slept in a room free from foul odors.

Into the mammoth tenement house the inquisitive writer went; through the big, black hall along which a drunken fellow was staggering; up the steep, creaking staircase with its shaking banisters. A stench of the sewer and gas filled the place. He could hear the children climbing the stairs. The doors were almost all closed. Rough voices could be heard behind them. Odor of disinfectants came from some rooms, iodoform from others. What a suggestion of disease and death, of accident and injury, these drugs bring! Every room was crowded with young and old of both sexes. Now the cry of a child, and the harsh "shut up!"; now the whimper of an infant, and the soft "hush-a-by-baby!"; now the cry of a woman, and the savage oath of a man. What a human beehive is this dingy, ill-smelling tenement! how it reeks with its odors of cooking, the sewer, and the stagnant air! Who owns it? A man of distinguished social position. "Tenement property, well managed," he says, "is always a good investment."

The children shut a door. All is quiet inside.

After a brief interval the writer knocks.

In response to the summons comes the little maid herself, who opens the door cautiously. Her sleeves are rolled up to the elbows. "Well?" whispers she.

"Does Mrs. John Smith live here?"

"No; she don't," comes the quick reply, and the door slams.

Again the writer knocks; again the door opens.

"Well?"

"Do you know where she does live?"

"Second floor, back."

"I say, little girl," adds the writer; "don't shut the door; I have something to say to you."

"Well, be quick, d'ye hear."

During this brief dialogue the writer had looked over the riotous mass of wavy auburn tresses into the cheerless room. The floor, the walls, the broken window-panes, plastered with

vari-colored paper, through which the fading light sneaked in a shame-faced sort of way, the broken chair, the rickety table, the battered trunk, the mattress in the corner, seemed endowed with pentacostal tongues eloquent in the cry of human misery. What the writer said to the little girl with the upturned old face made him welcome in this home—the abode of misery. And we, who live well, dress well, eat well, God forgive us! We, who do not like to think of the misery within a few blocks of us—the misery that has always been and always will be!

Upon that mattress lay a woman, ground nigh unto death by the upper and lower millstones of life, her sunken eyes surrounded with deep, eloquent circles, her hollow cheeks marked with the waste of fever and inhuman neglect, her shrunken limbs in need of comfort and nutrition. She was the mother of the three.

Beside her lay the babe; on the floor, resting his head—covered with a shock of red hair—on the mattress, was the small boy, worn out with his travel, and about the room bustled the little maid—the bright, particular star in this poor mother's earthly heaven. It was the old, sad story. "Her man" was a good man, stout and true, until misfortune overtook him. Worry first, then drink—then sickness. In her grief one night she wandered to the docks. The swift river, silent to all but to her, flowed by calling to her: "Come and be at rest!" But her heart echoed the cries of her children and she fled to suffer on.

"Good nursing, madam, care—care in the hospital, would make you strong again."

"No," she moaned, with a frightened look. "They took him away to the hospital, and killed him." Always the same story; the lowly poor always believe the hospital kills.

"Has none visited you? Have you had no help?"

"A charity society man called; he gave me coal, and he gave me oatmeal, but—my stove was sold for rent."

"Has none other come to you?"

"No. I don't want them." Her eyes glowed with feverish light. "They'd take my babies from me; they'd break up my home. I've only a short time to live. The neighbors feed us now and then, when they can spare it."

"They'd break up my home." Her home—this misery ennobled with the beautiful name of home. And yet, more a home than the costly houses of some millionaires.

The writer left this temple of misery. There were police in the court. Clubs were used. Some one was "wanted" in the big tenement.

CHAPTER II.

THE READER IS INVITED TO VISIT "THE BEND," AND PEEP
INTO PELL AND DOYERS STREETS.

ONCE more into the street. A dozen gas jets in a dozen lamps flickered and sputtered as though each signalled to the other that it had come once more to do a sentry's duty through the fast approaching night. What strange creatures pass the lamp-posts, while the imperial monarch of the day treads his post through the firmament, watching the millions creep to and from their toil like ants to and from their hills! What a tale of woe and misery a single jet of gas in Crosby, Pell and Mulberry streets might tell if it were not mute! Into how many faces it has shot one ray of light to lay bare the secrets of a life! Old and young faces, faces of men and women, faces of boys and girls, have been upturned to the lamps. And through the eyes, those windows of the soul, has gone the searching ray of light; aye, as the jet flickering in the death wind of the morgue lightens up the face of the river's find, so flickers the street lamp over the human drift of the streets, as a jet in the morgue of manhood and womanhood.

Here we take our stand. There is an elbow to the street—a turn—"the Bend" it is called—the bend in Mulberry street. Close your eyes for a minute, and the murmur of the night wind seems filled with the voices of the dying. Swing a stone, if you can, by a string two hundred feet long, and in your circle is the district of death. Here the argument is closed with the knife or interrupted with the pistol; here the Italian brigand, seduced by steamship companies' glaring posters from his native village, takes up his home to learn that the King's soldiers are less his enemies than Master Byrnes's bluecoats. Here the black-haired, black-eyed Italian maid, whose cheeks have the soft, warm flush of late peaches, sows the seeds of mischief. She, too, knows why Antonio died; she, too, knows more than she told that jury and that stern-faced judge. 'Twas not for love, but for fear of Philipppo, that she was silent.

At night, when the stars have willed it that they will not shine into these dismal streets, I have climbed with Master Byrnes's men up the creaking stairs, and have stepped into the sleeping rooms of these people of Italy. What a chamber of

sleep and smell! Every window is closed. Every chink is filled. Every foul breath is made more foul with garlic. Twenty people in a room where three might sleep. The aged woman, with loosened clothing, sits in a corner clasping her drawn up knees, her head hanging forward and down; young mothers with nursing babes lay on the bare floor; beneath the crucifix on the wall, younger women clasp their lovers or husbands in the abandon of sleep; while men, and lads, and little children stretch themselves, resting as they will. The sound of the opening door arouses them. They turn; the women clutch their children closer, the younger women make a move as though to cover their necks, while the men stare and mutter in Italian. They are accustomed to these visits of the police.

Not infrequently, when Master Byrnes's men leave, one place of sleep is left unoccupied; but sleep is master, and after a few oaths at the disturbance all is quiet. So goes the wheel in its turning. But "the Bend" is not what it once was. It has learned that there is more liberty in the kingdom of Italy than in the democracy of New York. The iron hand of the police forces law, but it cannot stay the knife or the animal in the man. The law cannot stop the crime, but it effectually stops the criminal. These Italians are as familiar with the quick, nipping sound of the municipal bracelets as they are with the pleasanter strains of the violin. Volumes can be written on the people of Italy as they live and labor, and live and die in this district, but this our history will not admit of.

The same may be said of Crosby and Pell streets. In the dark of the night high up against the shabby fronts of the buildings, are set red lights. It is the sign of a Chinese lodging. Here opium is smoked by Chinese and native born Americans. There is nothing more extraordinary and more bewildering than the fact that the habitués of "opium joints" are seventy-five per cent. girls or women of American parents. The writer one night noticed a well-dressed young woman in an "L" road car. She was alone. Her nervous manner attracted attention. At Chatham square she got out and went down to the street and was lost in the crowd.

A few hours later Capt. John McCullagh, of the Elizabeth street station, decided to raid the "joints." The raid was made with the usual arrests. In one small room, miserably furnished, was a bed. On this bed was a Chinaman and on each side of him a woman. The one on the left was a poor creature, evidently one who had drifted away on the tide of uncontrolled desire and with whom the world had parted company; the woman on the right was the nervous passenger who





GENTLEMAN TOM. (See page 15.)

had attracted the writer's attention. In turn, the three had been smoking the pipe. She had not yet been overcome by the fumes of opium and resented the intrusion which held her back from the land of dreams. It was apparent that this woman belonged to a condition of society out of all sympathy with that she had entered at this time; still, she had lost her modesty and retained nothing but a fear of exposure consequent to arrest. This fear and her low nervous condition caused her to break down completely. She cried hysterically. It so happened that events favored her and she escaped. "But," said the detective, "as sure as the sun will shine again, so sure is it that she will be back. Opium is in her."

The writer did not lose track of this victim of opium. The next morning, when a trim little maid opened a certain young lady's door, she discovered that mademoiselle had a bad headache and would have her breakfast sent to her room. A year later a family of wealth and station went to Europe. Their friends say mademoiselle married a Frenchman. A pleasant social fiction. Mademoiselle, much changed, is the wife of a Doyers street Chinaman. Wife? Well, so says the Chinaman.

In and around these squalid quarters, in tenement and rookery, among the vile and the vicious, flows the stream of life bearing honest and poor parents, whose children learn vice before they do their alphabet. Is it strange, therefore, that Gentleman Tom was a man of experience before he could wear a man's breeches?

"Gentleman Tom!" Without a single uncommon characteristic to mark him among his fellows, this promising young citizen had made a name for himself in the Sixth Ward. His ambition was to live without labor, and he succeeded. Being, therefore, in the main a young man of leisure, with a decided antipathy for "a steady job," he had early earned the sobriquet "Gentleman." It had been prefixed so steadily and stoutly to Tom that few knew him by any other name. Indeed, Gentleman Tom had little desire to be known by any other, for he entertained a suspicion that the stout, kindly Irishwoman who had the honor of being his mother had given him as a surname that which had graced the trunk of her family tree. Loquacious at all times and upon all subjects save that which concerned Tom's ancestors, she contented herself by saying:



GENTLEMAN TOM.

"Tom's a jintlemin, and his father was a real jintlemin before him," and then she would heave a deep sigh.

Gentleman Tom was evidently not the son of a day laborer, and at times there was that about him which made the old women in alley and court shake their heads as though they believed that a better strain of blood than the widow's had crossed the maternal line. Way down in Tom's soul he cherished the idea that a gentleman, renegade though he may have been, was responsible for his being, and to this ne'er-do-well he had laid his indifference to steady work. His mother worked from early day to nightfall keeping two small rooms in the big tenement. Here he slept and ate. Sometimes he gave her money, and these occasional evidences of his ability to obtain the essentials of life pleasantly surprised her. He had his way of obtaining it. To many people in the ward, the saloon-keepers, politicians, and store-keepers, he was of use, and they paid him for his services as messenger or porter. During political times he was an invaluable aid to the district leader, and when the May moving engaged the truckmen it was his harvest season. Occasionally he shouted "extras," but the life of "the bluffer" was not to his liking; he preferred errands which kept him moving along to an objective point. A better or more trusty messenger there was not in the Sixth Ward. One night the writer was strolling down the Bowery with Captain McC——. "Hello!" said the Captain; "there is the guide for you—Gentleman Tom. He knows every alley, staircase, and scuttle in the precinct." As he spoke he pointed to a tall, slim young man who stood talking to a peddler of peanuts. In the flare of the cart's lamps his figure stood out against the darkness. His hands were thrust into the pockets of trousers that too snugly fit his thin legs, a closely-buttoned short coat strained at the buttons, and beneath a round hat, tilted and pressed down on his forehead, looked out a pair of shrewd, quick eyes.

"Tom!"

The young man turned, stood erect, and saluted.

"I say, Tom; do you want a job? Do you want to steer this gentleman? He is a writer and wants to see the sights."

Tom saluted.

"Go with him," said the Captain; "he knows the ropes." And the writer went.

"Seen you before, sir; seen you at Geoghan's," remarked Gentleman Tom, giving the writer a swift, comprehensive look.

"Possibly. I am out for a stroll," the writer replied.

"Well, come on, sir. Wher'll we go? Seen lodgin' houses? Will yuh take in a speel or a joint, a do-drop-in, or a nigger concert?" inquired Gentleman Tom.

"Let us stroll through the alleys and side streets."

And we went on into the dark and crooked streets.

"You have a queer name, Gentleman Tom. Is Tom your last name?"

"Tom's me name; me first name, me middle name, an' me last name. I wuz Tommie when I first heard it, I'm Tom now, an' if I live long enough I may be Thomas; but stretch an' squeeze it, it's all de same—Tom. Me friends call me "Gentleman." It was poked on in fun, an' it stuck dere in earnest. I know fellers who are mournful if dey don't have work; when out o' work dey are like a whale off de axle—no good. I know fellers who get sick when dey work. I tried it. I can't do it. Strange, yuh think, but it's not. Some t'ings I kin do an' some t'ings I can't do. I kin walk from here to Harlem an' back an' feel aisy. Give me light work, or heavy work, an' reg'lar hours, an' I fell meself dyin'. I go crazy. Did yuh ever see a monkey on a chain? When I had a steady job I felt like de monkey—very little music an' a great deal o' climbin'."

"But you won't get on in the world," suggested the writer.

"Who does? Say, if I wuz a writer I'd get up a double extra leaded big head article on dis subject. See? Do yuh know where I'd write it? I'd sit meself down at de morgue when a lady wuz found in de river. Do yuh suppose only tough girls get in de river? Not by de little brown jug. Captain — sent for me one night, an' sez, sez he, 'sich an' sich a lady is wanderin' around. Find her.' 'Tain't de peelers on post dat do all de fine work. She didn't 'hit de pipe,' she weren't 'ligious, she weren't wicious, she weren't not'in' but kind o' silly. T'ot it over an' it kind o' t'rowed me. Sez I, 'Cap'n, dis 'ere lady is not wanderin' where she kin git hurt. She's doin' up-town beats kind o' lonely like, or is tryin' de river.'"

"Did you find her?"

"No; de river did. As I wuz sayin,' her body wuz took to de morgue an' de newspapers described de beauty of an uncommonly beautiful corpse. I went up. Wal, I never t'ot dere wuz so many missin' females in de world! Rich ones an' poor ones wuz up dere a-looking fur missin' Tildas, Margarets, an' Marys, an' Annies. Dere wuz men an' dere wuz wimen. Wal, dere wuz a good many folks a-wisit'in' up dere who had got on in de world. Dey wuzn't all happy. I use

to speel wid Mary Ginter, who wuz sent to de Good Shepherd. One day I wuz up at Harlem to took a peep. Wal, all de folks who wuz up dere a-wisit'in' wuzn't from de Sixth Ward. Dey wuz on in de world, but dey wuzn't happy. I tell yer one t'ing, boss, 'tain't de close an' 'tain't de money; 'tain't de folks dat ride in de carriages, an' 'tain't de people who legs it dat's got de happiness."

"Some people must be happy," the writer suggested.

"Wal, I take it dis way. De rain an' de snow, de wind an' de sun, fits all de people about de same; an' all de people have snow an' rain, sun an' wind in dere lives, without consultin' der close or der boodle. Dere's Snoozer's Lane."

So speaking, Gentleman Tom pointed to an alley which I had visited one spring night. At least twenty men were sleeping there, their backs supported by vermin-creeping walls. It was a loathesome, ill-smelling place frequented by tramps, when the weather was too warm for the station-house and too cold for park benches. Here, sometimes, could be found men who had been broken on Fortune's wheel, and who had, by misfortune and drink, been lost to the world and their friends. Many a man, who has proudly carried his head in days gone by, has drifted away on the current of Time, to be tossed into Snoozer's Lane.

Having followed the winding alleys and crooked streets, the writer and his guide issued out upon the entrance to the Bowery without discovering much of interest. A volume of sound, created by alleged musical instruments, announced the immediate presence of one of those rapidly disappearing institutions, the Bowery Dime Museum. "Dis 'ere show is a fake," murmured Gentleman Tom; "de only curiosity is Bender Jim, who is a-walkin' up and down a-lyin' 'bout de freaks inside. Dis bizness is done in style up-town an' is declinin'." Before the door or entrance a rakish looking gent with a decided Jewish cast of features paraded, chanting the charms of the Circassian lady, proclaiming the diminutiveness of the dwarf, declaring the many wonders of the world, and reciting the strange products of animal creation, all of which have been gathered at great cost, and are now being exhibited for the modest fee of ten cents.

Gentleman Tom, nevertheless, was an occasional visitor; indeed, it appeared that however slender his purse, sufficient dimes found their way to it for purposes of amusement, or "edication," as he called it. No shooting gallery had not echoed with the shot of his rifle or pistol. In his way he had

been a liberal patron of galleries where a cigar rewarded the skillful marksman.

* * * * *

A few evenings after the incident related the writer chanced to meet Captain McC——.

"Well, Captain, how is your friend Gentleman Tom getting on?"

"Oh, he is getting on," replied the policeman. "Getting on famously. He got into a row up-town, knocked a man down, ran into the Fourth avenue tunnel, and was brought out by an officer. The man was badly hurt, and I fear Tom is in a bad fix. Tom is not a bad fellow, but it goes hard with these chaps when they get into street fights. If the man presses the charge, they are railroaded up at double quick. I guess Gentleman Tom will do 'hard labor' yet."

Poor Gentleman Tom! Born and reared where life is not gentle, he had at last resented coarse language with force, and had met with not an uncommon adventure on the Road of the Rough, which had placed him in a police station cell.

CHAPTER III.

IN WHICH GENTLEMAN TOM BECOMES A GUEST OF THE PEOPLE OF THE CITY, COUNTY, AND STATE OF NEW YORK.

IN the days of innocent and imaginative childhood, our young wits were held spellbound by nursery tales of fabulous monsters whose rolling eyes, in search for bad boys and girls, emitted vari-colored sparks, and whose great mouth was ever set to catch them as they drew near. Perhaps some have been reminded of these blood-curdling correctives of juvenile morals and manners in passing the entrance of a police station, with its two green eyes staring out into the half darkness of a sullen, ill-favored looking street, and its flapping mouth ever ready to catch the unfortunate. These, the lamps, and the gleaming doors force upon the memory the entrance to the Nineteenth Precinct police station house. Up and down, eastward and westward, from sunset to sunrise, these green eyes watch for those who are destined to come toward them.

What a story the lights of a great city could tell—the white electric, the yellow gas, the red fire, and the green police! Do you suppose, when the morning comes, these lights, like

departing spirits, spirits of white, of yellow, of red, and of green, join hands and speed away, making sad or merry their flight, with the tale of the night—a night in the streets of a great city?

Down the street went Gentleman Tom. His hat drawn down a little tighter than usual over his forehead, his hands thrust in his pockets, his eyes intent on objects far off, and his jaw set and slightly pushed forward. By his side walked his captor, the policeman. Three small boys at Sixth avenue fell behind and marched to the station house steps, speculating in hushed voices as to the possible crime done by the prisoner. The captor and the captive passed through the swinging doors—the doors that are never locked, the doors that open as a jaw to let in the children of misfortune, and close upon them with unloosening clasp. Outside, for a moment, stand the boys; then they are off to forget what they have seen.

To one side of a large room is the Sergeant's desk, which is guarded from too close approach by an iron rail. Here stands the prisoner.

Sergeant Sheehan picks up his pen, the blotter—the day-book of the police station, the first milestone on the pathway which leads to the prison—which is seldom closed, and glances at the clock.

"What is your name?" asks the Sergeant.

"Tom—Gentleman Tom," answers the lad sullenly.

"Tom what?"

"McCarty," replies the lad, his chin moving up and his lips thrust forward.

"Where do you live?"

"In de Sixth."

"How old are you?"

"Twenty."

"What's the charge?" This of the policeman.

"Assault."

"Did you see it?"

"No, sir; I was around the corner. I saw the crowd running to the Fourth avenue stables. When I got there I found a man who had been knocked down. Here's his card. He will be around and make the complaint. He was bleeding and went to the drug store. People told me that the man who did it had run into the tunnel. I went in and fetched him."

"What have you got to say?"

"De feller hit me furst, Sergeant, an' it riled me. I hit 'im back. De feller fell down an' I runned into de tunnel. Den I see de copper arter me an' I come back. Dat's all."



"SEARCH HIM," SAYS THE SERGEANT.

"The policeman and doorman took from his pockets an old knife, a few cents, and some odds and ends." (See page 21.)

"Search him." Saying this the Sergeant touched a button, which rang an electric bell and summoned the doorman or turnkey from the rear room. The policeman and doorman took from his pockets an old knife, a few cents, and some odds and ends. These were handed over to the Sergeant who was making the following entry:

"6:45 P. M. Tom McCarty, alias 'Gentleman Tom,' aged 20, resides Sixth Ward, assault on Frederic Raingold, of No. — Madison avenue, arrest made by Officer Hallihan. Charge to be made by Fred. Raingold. Assault not seen by officer."

Poor Gentleman Tom ! You have taken your first step along the Road of the Rough, the first step in which the People of the City, County, and State of New York have taken any interest, the first step in which the good Christians, of Christendom, have helped you !

Through the back room, into the narrow yard, down the slippery stairs, past the big iron gate with its heavy steel lock, into the strong house of stone and brick went officer, doorman, and unwilling Tom. Off the narrow corridors are doors, doors of iron with locks of steel. These cell doors frown at poor Gentleman Tom. The black interior, omen of blacker days to come, strike into his heart and he resists. Feeble effort ! In an instant his hands are brought to his side, he receives a push, the iron gate closes, and the spring bolt of the steel lock snaps with a sound. He is alone. A slab is his bed ; a stationary bucket, a faucet for running water, and a tin cup are the furniture. And so Misery lies down for the night and waits for the morrow.

Have you ever, kind sir, or lady fair, sat beside a sergeant of police on duty at the desk ; of course, you have never stood at the rail and answered a few stereotyped questions preliminary to "going back." Oh, no ! You know that just around the corner there are a couple of green lights and a swinging door ; you know that at certain hours of the day a squad of policemen march out to patrol their posts, that at times they return with a drunken man or woman, with a ruffian, a shoplifter, a pick-pocket, a sneak-thief, and a burglar ; you know that men and women at night seek it for shelter ; you know that it is a place to go to when your cook defies you and tells you that she "won't be hurried by the likes of you, for you are only a little red Irishman," knowing full well that your hair is black as the crow's wing, and that you are a native born and badly used citizen. Is that all you know ? If that is all, you might know more to advantage.

It is well worth watching, this human tide that surges past the Sergeant's desk. Here he sits with the blotter before him, recording, as the bell sounds, alarms of fire in every precinct in the city; entering complaints made by citizens of their neighbors and of their neighbors' ash barrels, writing down descriptions of missing children, women, men, and horses, and the names of those who, wandering homeless in the cold streets, seek a warm place to sleep. Here, too, he looks over the rail at the prisoner.

Think you, sir, or lady fair, that the woman arrested for drunkenness, for her inability to protect herself from accident, is always some poor wretched creature, ill-dressed, ill-shod and hatless, or one of those erring women who have lost their way on their life's journey? If so, you are wrong. Do you know that the lurking devil of the glass now and then makes a victim of women who never enter a carriage, save when a footman holds the door, or stoop to unbutton their shoes. So Sergeant Sheehan will tell you. More than one husband has been sent for to take an unfortunate wife home. But these cases, though rare, help to fill the blotter.

Behind the desk is the old-fashioned dial telegraph, which should be shelved in the store-room of things out of date. Its bells tell the Sergeant when he is wanted, and the index hand or needle spells out, in an orthography of its own, messages from Police Headquarters or other precincts. What messages have been delivered by the electric fluid! what stories of riot, bloodshed, fire, and death have been consequent to these messages! what deeds of heroism and valor, too, have followed the quick circling of the index!

But our interest is before the desk, not behind it; it is not at this writing in the brave fellows who wear the uniform and nightly go to their posts not knowing what the night will develop; it is with the tide of humanity that swirls past "going back." Will you wrap the magic cloak about you and sit invisible to the police and the people, and jot down in your notebook the passing of the tide and what Captain O'Connor has to say about station house life?

6 P. M. The night patrol has gone out. Captain O'Connor steps into his neat and cozy room, off the big room and opposite to the Sergeant's desk. He looks up for a moment at the framed photographs of Superintendent Byrnes and his predecessors in this precinct—a precinct which has nightly a floating population of thirty thousand persons who fill the great hotels on Broadway and Fifth avenue, among which are the Fifth Avenue, Hoffman House, Albemarle, Brunswick, Vic-

toria, Sturtevant, Gilsey, Holland House, Imperial, St. Cloud, Rossmore, Gedney, and Barrett House, and Daly's, Palmer's, Madison Square, Lyceum, Proctor's, Bijou, Hammerstein's, and Standard theatres—to say nothing of the hundreds who seek doubtful pleasures in shady places of amusement. These predecessors—Williams, McLaughlin, and Reilly—have gone their way, the first two having become inspectors, and the last detailed to another precinct. Captain O'Connor lights a cigar and reenters the large room. The basement door has been opened to the men who want a night's lodging. They have stood in line along the area rail, shivering in the cold rain. What a sturdy set of vagrants they are, too, old and young, grey headed and beardless, with hands thrust in pockets and with coat collars turned up! And now they give their names, ages, and occupations, and “go back.” May the Recording Angel blot out their lives!

“I have been careful,” says the Captain, “about letting people in, on account of the typhus fever. When we take in fifty it crowds the lodging-room and there is not room to lie down. The police justices, too, try to protect the Island and discourage sending up the vagrants. The regulations of the department are against making a lodging-house of the station for ‘regulars.’ We are supposed to take care of men who have no money and no work, honest fellows who have come to the city thinking they will get something to do. A cold night like this, however, alters things; these fellows would freeze in the streets; so I take all; but if the word, ‘the Captain is going to make prisoners of the lodgers,’ was passed along the line, they would vanish. Some of those fellows never did a day's work and never intend to. Did you notice how happy they were when I told them to ‘go back’? They have not a care or worry. Some of them are going up the river to-morrow to cut ice; they are men who are ready to work, but can't find it. Such men need help; the others are with us all winter, and in the spring they are gone—they disappear just like the flies.”

“What time in the morning do you turn them out?”

“Oh, they are out early. In the morning between four and five o'clock some of them are put to work by the doorman, who acts as foreman, at carrying out the ashes, in cleaning up, and other odd jobs. The women do the scrubbing. Then they are off. Some of the men and women go to the saloons, and do the cleaning, carry ashes, sweep the sidewalks, and shovel snow. In that way they get a dime or a quarter for breakfast.”

"Are they strong?"

"As bulls. And mighty careful not to exert themselves. They are a very different grade of men from those we used to have down in the Fourth Ward; very much better. When I was at the Oak street station men would be brought in full of whiskey—such whiskey as, we are told, kills. But it could not kill those fellows. In the morning they scarcely ever had even a headache. We took away over two barrels of whiskey from the women down there. They would carry it in a flask in their stockings; up here they seldom ever have it. Those women would not mind being searched until we got near the whiskey; if it was not in their stockings, it was in their bustles; then they would scream and fight."

"Do they come in cut and hurt?"

"Sometimes drunks come in badly cut; up here the surgeon sends them off to the hospital; down in Oak street the surgeon would gather up the skin, sew it as you would a bag, stick on a piece of plaster, and in the morning, although they may have lost a quart of blood, they would be as lively as crickets. They are entirely a different set of men down in the Fourth and Sixth. Of course, I am speaking of the rule, not the exceptions."

7:30 P. M. A woman comes in.

"I want to be after a-bein' arrested," says she, moaning and wiping her eyes. She labors under intense excitement and holds the rail with one rough, red hand.

"What for?" inquires Sergeant Sheehan, giving the woman a quick, close look, which nothing escapes.

"Me husband an' meself can't live together. He'll beat me if I return. I'm black an' blue wid a-beatin'."

Again the button. The matron's bell this time. A neat, comely looking woman enters.

"Take her back—for the night."

"What do you do with such cases, Captain."

"Let her sleep here to-night. In the morning send her home with an officer. He will tell her husband that if he touches her we'll take him in. She has not a bruise on her, I guess, and if we sent around and made an arrest she would not go to court and make a complaint. It is only a domestic difference."

"Do the husbands of such women come around after their wives, or afterwards to find out if they really were here?"

"Not a bit—they don't care. After a few years of fighting the man goes his way and the woman hers. Such is life!"

Standing, where we stand, at the great stove between the

Sergeant's desk and the Captain's room, we hear Sergeant Sheehan say "go back"; to the doorman, "take him back." We know at once that the shabby looking man who is told to "go back" is one of those unfortunates who has neither home nor money and yet is a free man; and that the well-dressed fellow who is "taken back" is a prisoner.

Shall we "go back" and see where the poor are lodged and the transgressor confined? Why not see this municipal lodging-house as it is, this rung on the social ladder, where the climber has been thrust back for his indiscretions or transgressions?

The door swings on easy, well-worn hinges; we pass through the rear room to the station house, which is the anteroom to the house of cells. Here sit a few policemen. Again we open a door; it is stiffer at the hinges and stands in a yard. Before us is the reality of the place—the heavy, iron-grated door. Did we say that the green lamps at the entrance and the swinging doors reminded us of the eyes and the mouth of a monster? Well, the teeth grin at us now. They are set and glisten. The matron slips into the great steel lock a thin key. We stand in a narrow corridor lighted by flaring jets of gas and heated by a red hot stove. Inside of this stout building is another house, with many narrow iron doors, all opening on a corridor which completely surrounds it. Behind each door is a cell. In these cells are women.

The matron is summoned to the Sergeant's desk, the iron gate closes upon us, and we are locked in the corridor. Below us is a similar apartment where male prisoners are taken. We hear them talking to one another. Above us are the lodging-rooms for the homeless and the vagrants. We hear the voices of women. We listen. A female voice comes to us from a cell—"How those hens keep a-cackling."

We turn to the speaker; through the grated door we see her. There is a wild look in her eye.

"What are you in for?"

"I am visiting the Captain until the decorators finish my boudoir. Can you slip me a 'tener' for my fine, sweetheart?"

"Not this evening."

"Then I shall once more go out of town for ten days. 'Ten dollars or ten days,' says His Honor. 'Thanks, your lordship,' says I; and society will lose my graceful curves."

The door opens. Enter a policeman and the matron. A young girl is between them. At the entrance to her cell she whimpers and turns to the matron with a beseeching look in her eyes. "Sorry, miss," says the matron, kindly; "it is

my duty." She steps in, the iron gate closes, the steel bolt springs back and forward, the policeman retires, and the girl sits down on a slab to weep.

"Who is that woman?" we ask.

"Caught shoplifting."

"And the one in the next cell?"

"Oh, she comes often. Can't leave drink alone. It is fearful how they drink. Sometimes I have to watch them all night, for fear they will kill themselves. We have nice looking girls and women here at times. Over eighty were brought in the other night. Raid, you know. Too bad; it makes really wicked women of some girls whose morals are shady and yet who are good at heart."

We leave the women's prison and we ask Captain O'Connor how the matron system works. "Capitally," he replies. "In old times we would get a woman to come in and search the female prisoners; now the matron does it. The first matron was appointed in October, 1891. There are twenty of them; two to a precinct. All female prisoners taken to a station-house having no matrons are sent to the nearest house having them. It takes a great care off a Captain's mind to have women prisoners in the custody of a matron, and it is a protection to the men. It is very easy for a girl to make a charge against an officer, and it is very hard to prove it false. This makes it impossible. The precincts having matrons are the Fourth, Sixth, Eleventh, Thirteenth, Fifteenth, Nineteenth, Twenty-first, Twenty-fifth, Twenty-ninth, and Thirty-third."

We go down a few steps on the outside of the stout building and enter the men's prison.

"Captain," says a hard looking fellow; "that chap is a-busin' me; I'll lick 'im." The man in the next cell laughs.

As it is impossible for these men to get near one another, threats and offensive gibes are safe.

"Captain," says another; "I can't sleep."

"Keep still or I will put you in the street," Captain O'Connor replies with grim humor. Then they all laugh. But another face looks between the bars. It is sad and sullen. It is the downcast face of Gentleman Tom. He recognizes the writer and says: "Hello, mister; I'm in a fix; I meant no harm. Won't yuh tell de judge; dis ain't me wurk, it's me luck, d'ye see? Say, won't yuh help a feller?"

Poor Gentleman Tom! It will go hard with you!

And now we go into the air and climb up past the women's prison to the lodging-rooms above.

Two rooms entered from without, by doors which opened

on a platform, give shelter to the homeless, the one to the left is for women, the one to the right for men. We look into the men's room. They lay on the floor, on the board bunks, they crouch in the corners, they sit on the boards. About the rooms hang heavy outer garments, such as overcoats and hats. All are dressed. The heat and the smell are sickening. "Why don't you give them air, Captain?" "Let in air and there will be a riot," he replies; "you can't get it hot enough." The men were quiet; some were asleep and others trying to make themselves comfortable for the night.

There is a pretty how-de-do in the room of the women lodgers. Fifty tongues are hard at work. One woman in particular is creating the disturbance. She is calling other women names, names not heard in polite society. The Captain is appealed to; the matron fails to establish order. "Make a prisoner of her," he says quietly. An officer takes her to the Sergeant's desk and prefers a charge of vagrancy. "What will become of her?" the writer asks. "The judge will send her to the Island until spring," he replies.

These women are old, shiftless, quarrelsome. Many of them have toiled through life as servants and in doing day's work; at last, weary of the struggle, they throw themselves on the stream which swirls in and out of police stations and workhouse, police stations and asylums, police stations and—well, until at rest in the potter's field.

CHAPTER IV.

THE SECOND STAGE OF THE JOURNEY, SHOWING THE GODDESS JUSTICE DOING BUSINESS WITH STATUTES AND HANDCUFFS.

In the olden days, when travel was attended with much weariness of flesh, when the bourn of the traveller was approached over roads deep-rutted and furrowed by coach wheels and water-crossings, when post-house lamps danced away into the gloom of the night and left the big brown-bellied coach to jolt and swing along in the darkness, distances were measured off into stages. And so to-day is that other road, the Road of the Rough, along which many a traveller has gone, is going, and will go his weary, hapless way.

Aye, we have followed those who have toiled through the

scenes of squalor and misery; we have seen them, at the end of the first stage, rest for the night at the sign of the never closed mouth and the green, flashing eyes. But how is it on the morrow, the second stage of the journey? Fling wide the doors of the Municipal Inn and show the traveller the well-kept highway, the Municipal Boulevard, with its police station at one end and a State prison at the other. In all Christendom where is there a better road? Well paved by the sovereign people of the City, County, and State of New York; well cared for by the politicians of the City, County, and State of New York; well watered with tears by the unfortunate of the City, County, and State of New York. Here stand the temples built by the people of the City, County, and State of New York, where the goddess Justice is enthroned, with a statute book in one hand and a pair of handcuffs in the other; here move along, in dignified and stately procession, the high priests of Justice in high court and low court, the learned clerks of the high priests of Justice in high court and low court, the menials who wait on the learned clerks of the high priests of Justice in high court and low court: and wardens, and keepers, and bluecoats, and whatnots. And they—they are all banded together to hurry the traveller along over the second stage of the journey into the third stage, that of Prison, Penitentiary, Reformatory, Workhouse, or Poorhouse. Ah! they are hustling fellows these; they must look lively, for no less than fifty thousand citizens of the State of New York annually journey along the Road of the Rough.

And so, when the morning had come, the sun, in a shame-faced sort of way, looked into the stout building where poor Gentleman Tom sat, dejected, spiritless, and broken. The night had filled him with fears. He felt the high priests of justices and the *et ceteras* were waiting for him—waiting for him as vultures wait to swoop down for a banquet on carrion—and he thought to himself that to those high mightinesses he was carrion. His time had come, the door opened, the policeman who had arrested him stood at his cell door; with him he went before the Sergeant; with him, handcuffed, he went out into the street, up to the avenue, down the avenue, into the courthouse, into the prisoners' pen.

His Honor, all whiskers and stomach, all learning and humor, sat in his revolving chair; the clerk, all feathers and fuss, all ink and all papers, busily toiled away with formidable documents, much printed and ruled. Up to the bar came, one at a time, the girl who had been caught shoplifting; the girl, now sober and sad, who had asked for ten dollars to pay her fine;

the old woman whose tongue, like a hammer, had made a din in the lodging-room; the miscellaneous job lot of drunkards and vagrants we had seen in Captain O'Connor's custody. One by one they were passed along; "disposed of," says feathers and fuss; "committed," says whiskers and stomach. Lord of love, how Punch would have sighed had he heard the jokes and seen the jocoseness of whiskers and feathers!

And now it is Gentleman Tom's turn. His Honor glances over a paper and peers into the sullen face of poor Tom. Officer Hallihan recites the full particulars of the assault.

"Is Frederic Raingold in court?" asks His Honor.

There being no reply, the clerks call out: "Is Frederic Raingold in court?"

A fashionably dressed young man steps forward from the rear benches of the room and approaches the railed-in enclosure in front of the magistrate's desk.

"Not in court," says the clerk.

"Do you see him, officer?" asks His Honor.

"No, your Honor," replies Hallihan. Hope shines as a lamp in poor Tom's heart, but the flame is soon quenched, for he hears a voice hesitatingly answer, "Yes, sir." This voice is the voice of the young man. He stands at the bar.

"Look at the prisoner," says His Honor. The young man looks at him. "Is this the man who assaulted you?"

"No, sir."

"How is this?" asks the Justice. "Did you not say your name was Frederic Raingold?"

"No, sir; I——." A flush comes over the young man's face; he is nervous and desires to explain, but His Honor cuts him short.

"You did, sir; I heard you say distinctly, 'yes,' when your name was called," His Honor retorted, throwing his pen down on the desk.

"I said 'yes, sir,' to my father's name."

"Are you your father, that you say 'yes, sir,' when I asked if Frederic Raingold was in court?"

"I desired to explain," mildly replied the young man, "that my father's injuries are such that he could not appear this morning, and I have come to present his doctor's letter to that effect."

Poor Tom's heart sank.

His Honor read the letter slowly, folded it deliberately, and, turning to Gentleman Tom, said: "And so you struck him with a stick, did you? Well, it is lucky he is not dead. What have you got to say?" The newspaper reporters crowded

around poor Tom, Policeman Hallihan, and Mr. Raingold's son.

"He hit me fust; he called me a teef; he sed I swiped his ticker; I sed he wuz a liar. It wuz all done sudden like. He hit me an' I hit 'im."

"Do you mean that he said you had taken his watch? Did you? Come, now, be honest; tell the truth. Did you?"

"No, sir; so help me. I'm no teef."

"Did your father lose his watch?" asks His Honor of the nervous young man.

"Yes, sir. Father says he felt a tug at his watch and, turning, saw this fellow"—pointing at Gentleman Tom—"hurrying along. He grabbed him. Then this fellow hit him."

"What your father told you is not evidence, young man," remarked His Honor sternly; then, turning to the officer, he asked if the watch had been found on him. Policeman Hallihan said that it had not.

"Grand Jury case," remarked the Justice to the clerk; then to the prisoner: "Remanded to the Grand Jury on a charge of highway robbery and felonious assault, to await result of injuries."

And so closed this scene in the drama. Poor Gentleman Tom, that was an unfortunate blow! As he passed out to the Black Maria—the municipal carriage from prison to prison—he murmured in a dazed sort of way: "Me a teef; me a teef!" Officer Hallihan stepped back to be interviewed by the newspaper reporters, for he suddenly realized that he was a considerable person, having captured a desperado who had attacked in the open streets a very prominent citizen; and then it was Officer Hallihan remembered that the capture was attended with very great difficulty, as Gentleman Tom had fought desperately in the tunnel to escape arrest.

Not far from the City Hall, where the giant wheels of the Municipal Mill are set in motion to grind out public and private grist, there is a modest street which, running midway between the Bowery to the eastward and Broadway to the westward, seems to have been overlooked by bustling Commerce. Fronting this street and the saloons opposite stands a long, low, weather-worn, time-stained, grey granite building of Egyptian architecture; its flight of stone stairs, its heavy columns, its dark corners and recesses give to it a forbidding and dismal appearance. It is dismal in the afternoon, it is dismal to the urchins playing in front of it, it is dismal to the parent whose child is lodged inside of it. Just around the corner is



CITY PRISON TOMBS.

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the chief entrance—a small doorway, over which in gilt letters is the brief inscription:

CITY PRISON.

City Prison? Why, half the citizens of the great commonwealth would not know it by this name. It has another—"The Tombs."

"The City Prison Tombs," we read on Warden John J. Fallon's card. The City Prison Tombs! Indeed it is the tomb, the place of departed spirits of mischief, a municipal purgatory, a place where Justice, with statute and handcuffs, inters the citizen whose citizenship is dead in law. The iron gate, with great locks and great bolts of steel, heavily swings on its hinges. We pass into a hall; to the left is a desk where the business is transacted, to the right is another iron gate, behind which sits an official with a key. We look at the key, at the official, at the heavily barred gate; then we turn and ask for the Warden. How many have looked as we have looked, but far more anxiously, to turn away disconsolate!

"How many have you?" we ask of Warden Fallon.

"Two hundred and eighty males, sixty females," he replies complacently, and then adds, "five men under sentence of death who will be sent to execution shortly, fourteen men convicted of murder yet to be sentenced, and forgers, highwaymen, misdemeanors, and drunks and disorderlies."

"And the women?" we ask. "What are they here for?"

"Three in for murder, several for highway robbery, shoplifting, house robbery, and for drunk and disorderly."

Ladies, ladies, what says the poet concerning your hours of ease?—"Coy, diffident, and hard to please."

And as Warden Fallon speaks we pass the keeper who, standing, unlocks, opens, shuts, and locks the big gate. "There," says the Warden, "is the searching room. Here a matron goes through the clothes of women visitors. Rum things we find, too; everything from a file to a revolver." And then passing along through a tunnel-like corridor, the floor of which could be dusted with a lace handkerchief without soiling, the Warden points out the various offices of his hotel. The dining room for the keepers, the bread room, pantries, store rooms, and kitchen. Another door, another gate, and we stand in the yard. Before us is a strong building with rows of small windows. It is the old prison.

The entrance is approached through an anteroom. At the great gate of steel sits a keeper. Saluting the Warden, he

swings it open and we stand in a corridor strong with the smell of carbolic. Above us rise three tiers of balconies. Off each is a long row of cells with doors of grated iron, counterparts of those on the ground floor.

"Those cells to the north," says Mine Host of the Sepulchre, "are the condemned. They have been found guilty of murder and are yet to be sentenced; and that," says he, pointing to the southward, "is 'Murderers' Row.' Those men you see walking up and down have been sentenced to death; they are detained by order of the Court, pending some action, appeal, or something of that sort. These men," pointing to keepers, "are the 'death watch'; they watch them day and night."

"Who is that young man walking in his shirt sleeves?" The young man referred to notices us watching him and he steps into a cell.

"Carlyle Harris."

Surely this traveller along the Road of the Rough was not born in the sunless alley or reared in the dismal, rattle-trap quarter. Surely the Avenue and the alley cross at times.

"On the next tier," continues mine host, "we put the next heaviest criminals"—referring, dear reader, to the crime, not the criminal; for the building is stout enough, I ween, for a platoon of Goliaths—"highwaymen, and forgers, and above, misdemeanors. The object is to facilitate the watching from the floor of all the most important cases, although every balcony has a keeper on duty."

Can you picture for yourself, good sir and ladies fair, the long line of men as you see them in our artist's illustration? Around and around the balcony, shuffling as they walk, in silence pace the men whose deeds have brought them hither, taking their daily exercise of an hour. Some have been here before, some will come again, and some will never return here or to the places that have known them.

"Every day we send them off to the State Prison, Penitentiary, and Workhouse, but the places they vacate in the morning are filled before night." So flows the stream, in and out, around and about, whirling and swirling the drift of the streets through court and through prison.

Once more we stand in the narrow yard; we pass over the flags where often the gallows had been reared to drop an unfortunate into another and lower world, and enter the new prison. Here the cells are built into a central house, back to back. This, too, is filled with men serving short time sentences for minor offenses, with men waiting trial, with boys to

be transferred to the Elmira Reformatory. At the other end of the yard stands a similar prison for females. It is precisely the same in construction and appointments, and is full.

"We have," says the Warden, "two classes of prisoners—those sent here by police justices for trial in the higher courts whom we keep until sentenced, and those sentenced for a short time, running from one day to ninety days—in the City Prison."

"Have you room for the short time prisoners?"

"Not here; but the Workhouse, on Blackwell's Island, is a branch of the City Prison, and that relieves our cells."

And so it is, there is always room for one more; and the one more always comes.

And so it came to pass that in due time Gentleman Tom was taken in the Black Maria from the Jefferson Market Police Court to the City Prison, on Center street; was duly ushered to a cell on the tier assigned to the lodging of highwaymen; and his name was entered on the books of Mine Host of the Sepulchre. The sharp clang of the closing iron door found an echo in the poor fellow's heart, and the cold, metallic sound seemed to be as a tonic to his nerves, causing his whole nature to harden. Tossing his hat on the rude slab which was to serve him as a bed, he sat himself down, clasping his head between his hands. And so, overcome by the inexorable decree of Fate, sits a young fellow whose every feeling toward his fellow man is growing harder and harder with each passing hour.

How slow is the step of Justice! how she saunters along the legal road, with her heavy statute book under her arm! how heavy hang the handcuffs on the accused, who, though innocent, is suffering the penalty of the guilty! Waiting for trial! Poor Tom, he is told that the Grand Jury has found against him, that he has been indicted, that he has offended against the People of the City, County, and State of New York!

A new sensation is his; never before has his patronage been sought for; but now he finds that several persons—functionaries in the high courts and low courts—are desirous of disentangling him from the legal mesh into which he has fallen. One who had promised him assistance sends to his aid a certain large red-faced legal luminary who has saved many a rogue from his deserts. Gentleman Tom is escorted to the counsel room, where he is permitted to sit for an hour in consultation with counsel; he relates the full particulars of the circumstance which led to his arrest, and, in the telling of it, is so direct, so eloquent in his innocence, that even the

counsel, accustomed to pleas of innocence made by guilty persons, is for a moment moved to the conviction that the young man is the victim of an Evil Fate.

"By Heaven, sir; they can't put you here," he cries, thumping the table with his huge fist on which a multitude of diamonds sparkle.

"But they've done it," says Tom sadly; "but they have."

"Come now, I tell you they can't do it," reiterates the counsel, his big veins swelling way down to his chest, which is visible by reason of the enormous size of the collar.

"They've done it," answers Tom, wondering if "they" won't continue to do it. For a while they talk it over, the counsel urging the lad not to deceive him, to tell him the absolute truth. "You know," he says persuasively, "what you tell me is a privileged communication; that is, it don't go in court. What you keep back they will know, and it is for me to knock them out, to show that 'tain't so, see? My job is to free you, to make you innocent if you ain't, and I am somewhat strong in that line."

Tom assured the distinguished counsel that what he had told him was the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.

"Well, well, it's his word 'gainst yourn, and such cases is tough before a jury; still you'll come out all right." And so saying he takes his departure, and Tom goes back to his cell.

CHAPTER V.

WHEREIN THE ROAD TAKES A SHARP TURN OUT OF THE
QUARTER OF ALLEYS AND ENTERS A
MARVELLOUS REGION.

THE country road winds its way along the factory-stained waters of a stream, skirts the osier-trimmed hedges of a landlocked swamp, mounts the gentle rolling hills, passes between fields of wheat and clover, plunges into the shade of forest trees, and breaks unexpectedly forth on a prominence, from which the tourist may look down on a seemingly flat plain dotted with farms and hamlets. As the country road is, so is the Road of the Rough. In and about the haunts of the vicious, the home of the poor and the lowly, it has wound its way,

and now it issues forth to skirt that marvellous region wherein a people dwell, smiled on by Fortune and frowned on by God.

Do you, poor Gentleman Tom, while seated on your hard bed, gaze through the grated cell door, through the wall of stone, through the vault of heaven itself, and behold the star of your nativity? Do you see that it has fallen into bad company? Do you see it in conjunction with another star, the star of a certain important social and financial personage—a personage who believes himself as far above you as the stars are above him? No; you sit in silence moodily gazing at the stone floor, alone with you thoughts, and he, he sits in silence moodily gazing at the picture covered wall, alone with his thoughts; but up there the stars are crossing and recrossing, acting and reacting upon one another, each feeling the influence of the other; and so you, in your cell, and he, in his library, sit acting and reacting upon each other.

Mr. Frederic Raingold is at home!

A condition or circumstance not the most pleasing to Mr. Raingold; indeed, if the truth be told, it is a condition or circumstance quite distasteful to this shrewd manipulator of those airy fancies pleasantly called "securities" or "stocks" in the classic precincts of the Stock Exchange. Still, whether he would or whether he would not, he was at home; in fact, he found himself, like a stout ship, which has sailed many seas and buffeted many gales, at last laid up in the stocks for repairs. A linen bandage, deftly adjusted by a skillful physician, covered an ugly scalp wound on his forehead and a bruise on the back of his head; the former was the work of Gentleman's Tom's stick, the latter the result of the fall consequent thereto. A headache and a thought disturbed this portly gentleman, for he was at once suffering physical pain and mental annoyance.

In his lap lay a morning newspaper. He had read in it a highly colored report of a "daring highway robbery" with his own name flashing in big type in the headlines. The victim of "the daring outrage in broad daylight" was described as lingering between heaven and earth, with the lingering in favor of heaven; the perpetrator lay in a police station cell; and the object of the theft, a very valuable gold watch, was being searched for, the police not having found it upon the person of the prisoner. In consequence of the aforesaid article and similar articles in other newspapers, many inquiries had been made at the Raingold front door, touching the health of the battered financial magnate.

The visitors' cards lay in two small piles, divided, as it were,

for classification; separated as we are told the sheep are from the goats—some to the left and some to the right. A faint smile played around the corners of his mouth as he looked at them. These, thought he, regarding the larger pile, are the fellows who get something out of me, who grind their axes on me; and those, as his eyes wandered to the lesser, are the fellows I grind my axes with or on. "I wonder," murmured he meditatively, "what they all would have said if a bit of black stuff hung to the door knob? I wonder what Comrade would have said; what Comrade would do?" Then he glanced at a half-folded note, written in a woman's hand, on a dainty little sheet of delicately perfumed robin's-egg blue paper. It was a very little note, but its contents disturbed the strong man; it disturbed Frederic Raingold, the Master of Wall Street; and he, whose energy, skill, and foresight had made him a considerable personage in the Knighthood of the Tape and Ticker, stared at the picture covered wall, stared at the landscape by Corot, stared into the shade of the trees, stared into the soft evening lights, stared and stared until lost in the quiet depths of it.

And as Mr. Raingold sat and Mr. Raingold's wits went a-travelling, Silence entered the room and filled it; but Silence was anxious, for Silence knew her time had not come. Silence merely looked in, to wonder how she would settle herself down when the time came—when the black stuff hung at the door knob. And as he sits an ugly frown draws itself down from under the bandage, down over the face as a veil. The door is gently pushed open, a sweet-faced girl looks in for an instant, then the door is even more gently closed, and a pair of tender blue eyes are shut out. "Papa is sleeping," says the owner of the eyes.

"Well, he needs it," murmurs a middle-aged lady in her boudoir. "Come, my dear, just answer these," and so saying, the mother of the sweet-faced girl, the wife of the starrer in the front room, passes over half a dozen notes. "You might begin them, 'Mama is so much distressed about poor dear papa that she has asked me to reply to your kind note of inquiry.' Write them so they won't have to write again. I shall answer these."

Ah, my dear Mrs. Raingold, so you, too, have divided your social acquaintances, some to the right and some to the left. Are there axes to be ground here, too? How your pen flies over your note paper, dear Madame! Is it true that you are writing thanks for "sweet" notes? How gracious the expression in your benevolent face, dear Madame! Surely you are

the salt of the earth; a salt that has not lost its savor? Does the perfume of the dainty note on robin's-egg blue paper come to you, Madame, through the door of the front room? Perchance, on fine days, while taking the air in the Park in your comfortable victoria, you have not noticed a brougham pass, and the face at the window; a face that is fair, that has large eyes half veiled with drooping lids; a face that men turn to look at. Perchance you have not noticed Spaulding, your well-rounded coachman, slyly squint a side glance at Tiggs, your melancholy faced groom. Nay, good Madame, you have not heard Tiggs the melancholy chant with a jolly grin a ditty in which are extolled "the beauties of the young 'un" and "the frills of the old 'un," to the delight of Spaulding the Jehu. Ah, no, Madame; of course not; but if you could read the diary of Tiggs who loves Diana, your maid, you would know "upstairs" better than you do now.

And so the stick strongly swung in Gentleman Tom's hand had, as a magician's wand, worked a transformation scene in the household of Frederic Raingold. That estimable lady, Mrs. Raingold, had changed her plans for the day. Instead of attending board meetings of lady managers of the Home of Aged and Indignant Ladies, she had taken up her pen to write notes. Instead of making her round of visits she had been forced to be at home; not that her wifely presence was necessary to the comfort of the battered pillar of the house of Raingold, but becoming in the eyes of that world in which she moved and breathed like a thing of life, thanking God for her creation and preservation. The rotund Spaulding and the melancholy Tiggs were instructed to join in the procession of wheels through the park, and the thought of the empty carriage, drawn by its unmatched pair of chestnuts, suggested to the mind of the fair campaigner the pomp and pageantry of a military funeral—the led warhorse, the empty saddle, and the reversed boots. Doing secretary's work for her was Mary Raingold—doing it as she did many things—"to oblige mama." For to "oblige mama" was a chronic condition of the house of Raingold. Indeed, the stick of Gentleman Tom had fallen on all, even to Diana the maid and Cordelia the kitchen girl.

How long this state—the staring of Mr. Raingold the father, the writing of Mrs. Raingold the mother and Miss Raingold the daughter—would have continued is beyond the prophetic powers of the writer; but a step on the stairs worked a change; it was the step of Raingold the son. At once Mary jumped from her desk, looked ruefully at her ink-

stained fingers, ran into the hall, and greeted her brother, saying: "Well, Fred, did you see him?"

"Did I see him?" repeated this young man. "You bet, I saw him. Come into father's room, Sis; I will report to the Governor in full. I don't propose to tell you, then father, then mother, and make a job of it." So speaking, the heir-apparent, swelling with importance, entered his father's library, followed by his sister and Mrs. Raingold.

Raingold, Senior, hearing the door open, thrust the small note into the folds of his morning gown, turned his face toward his son, rested his head on his hand, and supported his elbow with the table. In his other hand he held his newspaper. Mrs. Raingold seated herself opposite to him, and his daughter stood behind his big chair.

"Now, Frederic," said Raingold, Senior, to Raingold, Junior, "your audience is assembled; take the stage." Senior recognized a certain desire Junior very generally had of forming his family into an audience when the opportunity afforded. Raingold, Junior, standing in front of the fire, with mock gravity bowed to the assemblage, saying: "Ladies and Gentleman," with emphasis on the "man." "We are gathered here on this mournful occasion to note how relentlessly the damning catalogue of crime strode on, till Retribution, like a poised hawk, came swooping down on the Wrong-doer"—here quoting from his favorite book of familiar quotations—"and further to note what befell the Wrong-doer."

"Don't be an ass, but go on," interrupted Senior.

"Silence in the gallery, dear papa," whispered Blue Eyes, tapping the strong hand.

"And now, ignoring the only gentleman in the room, I"—

"That's rough on yourself, Fred," whispered Blue Eyes.

"—I desire to invite you to accompany me to the Jefferson Market Police Court. There I saw a tall, slender young man, one of those fellows who are eternally doing a song and dance on the street corners. The policeman who had made the arrest said you were not in court, and the Justice was about to dismiss the prisoner when I stepped forward."

"Why did you not step forward before?" asked Senior.

"Before what?"

"Before then; well, go on."

"Well, sir, I stepped forward and presented the doctor's letter. The Judge was much impressed by the fact that the prisoner's victim was yourself. He knew our name, of course, and was polite, although at first he was inclined to bully; but when he realized who it was that had been attacked



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he was more courteous. In fact, I had to read the riot act to him."

"Did the boy acknowledge striking me?"

"Oh, no; he said you hit him first. His dodge is to make it an affair of self-defense. But I knocked that out by stating that your watch had been stolen; that you felt a tug at your watch, discovered that it had been stolen, and struck at him, knowing him to be the thief."

"Did they find the watch?" asked Miss Blue Eyes, her fair cheeks glowing with interest. "The papers say it was not found on him."

"Now, my dear, if you will not interrupt I will proceed to tell you that the prisoner denied having stolen the watch; that it was not found upon him; that he swears he is not a thief; and that he is now held on a charge of highway robbery and felonious assault to wait the result of the injuries."

"The charge of assault would have been sufficient," quietly remarked Raingold, Senior.

"I don't see why, Governor," said Raingold, Junior. "You say he took your watch. These fellows have companions, confederates, 'pals,' you know. I gave the police a description of it, and they will try the pawnshops. The policeman who made the arrest says these fellows always work in couples."

"But, perhaps he did not take it, after all," says the soft-hearted daughter, whose sympathies were commonly enlisted with the weak.

"If he didn't take it, Mary, do you suppose your father could have dropped his watch and chain in the street like a button off a glove? Oh, no; that fellow certainly took it," remarked Mrs. Raingold, with her mind quite made up.

"There is only one thing the police don't quite understand," continued Junior, plunging into the theory of the case; "and that is, how he took your chain too."

"I suppose," Raingold, Senior, remarked, with a sneer in his voice as he shaded his eyes with his hand, "you mean by 'the police' the officer who made the arrest."

"No; I don't. I mean two of Byrnes's men who were in court. Those detectives are fly."

"Good Heavens! what a row you are making over it all," irritably interrupted Raingold, Senior. "Why did you not get interviewed too?"

"So I did. The reporters can't get any information here, so they feasted on me this morning. I rather think the interview of Frederic Raingold, Junior, will prove not the least interesting of to-morrow's news, Governor. It was Freddie's

chance to rise and shine, and Freddie has risen." Junior accompanied this speech with such an infinite variety of gestures that sweet Mistress Mary laughed heartily, saying: "Was there ever such a clever, ridiculous boy!" Senior muttered "Ass." Then, turning to Senior, Junior continued, "But as to 'row'—as to 'row,' why you were swearing vengeance last night."

"Well, I'd rather let the thing drop than have the bell ringing all day, my name in the papers every morning, and generally the deuce to pay. Just tell the Judge I won't prosecute."

"Too late, Governor; it is a Grand Jury case; you will have to appear."

"Don't you want to get your watch back, papa; it was your birthday present from me, you know?" said Mary softly.

"It is your duty as a citizen, Mr. Raingold; your duty to society," adds Mrs. Raingold complacently.

"And now," says the hopeful son and heir to the Raingold fortunes, "I am off for downtown. Any message for the office?"

"No—stay! Tell Benjamin I will be down to-morrow. Now, dear, run away," he said gently to his daughter. "My head aches and I want to be quiet."

Left alone, left to himself in the quiet of the room, he takes the perfumed note in his hand. "A Grand Jury case," he mutters to himself; then, mechanically opening the note, he again reads the concluding lines:

"* * * that the boy is not a thief is plain, for you left your watch and chain here. Shall I send them to you?—COMRADE."

CHAPTER VI.

IN WHICH A TRAVELLER OF CONSIDERABLE AND GROWING
IMPORTANCE SAUNTERS ALONG THE ROAD.

IF, by any chance, Mrs. Raingold had been compelled to give a definition of heaven, it is safe to say that this estimable matron, upon mature reflection, would have given such a glowing description of her conception of the celestial realm that her listeners would have exclaimed in chorus: Why, it is just like Society! Indeed, to the wife of Frederic Raingold, to the mother of the Raingold boy and girl, no state or condi-

tion could be more excellent, more blissful, and more desirable than that which she believed to be summed up in the word Society.

To her society was no vague, shadowy world of indefinite limits, and without a census; on the contrary, it was a proud state, with well defined boundaries and a recorded population. For years she had studied it as a geographer his map, and as a historian his authorities. She knew exactly where the line of demarcation ran, and knew precisely who were, as she said, "in society" or "on the outskirts." And, although this fair campaigner could name those who were inside, and those who were skirmishing around for an entrance outside, she was too wise to say. In fact, had she so desired, Mrs. Raingold could have drawn a series of circles within one another, and, by a very simple demonstration, allotted to every family in society its exact social status, its position, or its pretensions.

And why not? Had she not had experience on the outskirts? Do you think for a moment that Mrs. Raingold had forgotten how she had worked for charity simply because some fashionable grand dames were upon the board? Indeed, Mrs. Raingold would smile when she thought of those long mornings at various homes, where garrulous old women poured into her accommodating, if not willing ear, their dreary tale about their rooms, their beds, their food, and the matron; or of the inspection of hospital wards and infirmaries for the care of objectionable people with objectionable diseases. But she had done her work for Charity, and Charity had thrown the gay cloak of Society over her stooping shoulders. To-day her name and her purse were a substitute for her presence at Board Meetings, and she resigned to those who "so dearly love those dear skin and cancer people," the work of visitation.

Society in her youth had been a withheld "promised land," and she often said to her young admirer, Raingold, disdainfully, when he spoke of certain lofty personages he met in business circles: "Oh! yes, I have heard of his wife. She is one of those ultra-fashionable people;" which, judging from the toss of her head and the flash of her proud eye, meant moral or social lepers. But when the fair young mistress of the proud eye and lofty head became Mrs. Raingold, and the golden stream flowed steadily into the Raingold strong-box, Mr. Raingold discovered that "ultra-fashionable people" were allowed to possess some of the virtues of ordinary folk. But Raingold early learned that the easiest way is the best, and never voted with the Opposition, whether in

her shifting social politics Mrs. Raingold was Liberal or Conservative.

Mrs. Raingold had skillfully manoeuvred to be a somebody when she was a "nobody." Society had been her battlefield; her campaigns had been a series of brilliant battles at Bar Harbor, Lenox, Newport, Washington, and New York. Sometimes the warfare went against her, but now her colors flew on the breezes, and she complacently looked about her to enjoy the fruits of victory. Still, although Mrs. Raingold had insinuated herself into the innermost inner circle, she had a sneaking sort of feeling that she was not native and to the manner born, but was rather, a successful invader, holding her place by force and strategy. Like Napoleon, she felt there must be an alliance of blood. Therefore is it to be wondered at that she had watched with rare satisfaction her fair daughter Mary develop into radiant womanhood? Not at all. Nothing is more natural. Every mother regards her daughter as a winning ticket in that great lottery of chance—Matrimony. And so thinking, Mrs. Raingold toiled along in the afternoons over sloppy tea roads, and in the evening submitted to the tortures of symphonies, private theatricals, and weary dinners, waiting the day when Miss Mary would burst as a meteor on society and dazzle the eyes of some eligible swain.

But, just like those romantic girls, Miss Mary had her way of thinking, if she thought at all about such matters, and it is to be feared that if she did think about "eligibility," it was not exactly Mrs. Raingold's definition of the word. However, Mrs. Raingold was patient. Once she had said, "Mary, my dear, when you marry I hope you will marry well."

"I hope so, mama."

"Men are plentiful, my dear; but eligible men are few."

"One will do, mama."

"Yes, of course, one will do; but it must be the right one."

"Yes, dear, it will be the right one." There was a quiet snap of the Raingold fire in those blue eyes, a firmness in the words spoken; and—well, Mrs. Raingold dropped the subject, and waited and watched. She thought she detected light. Was it the light of an enemy's camp fire?

CHAPTER VII.

IN WHICH WE OBSERVE TWO YOUNG PERSONS AT THAT STAGE
IN THE ROAD CALLED "AT THE TURNING POINT."

"Do you think it will be right for me to go to the ball?" asks pretty Mary Raingold, as she softly strokes her father's hand—the hand which daily holds and passes, passes and holds the tape, that slender bulletin of the prevailing war in the financial battlefields; the hand which has seized corporations by the throat in a death grip; the hand skilled in Wall Street legerdemain.

"Why not, my dear?" asks the owner of the hand, with a pleasant smile, and a slight indication of surprise in his voice.

"Would it not look unfeeling? Would it not make people say that I was hard-hearted?" The soft, white hand strokes the bony hand more gently.

"Hard-hearted? Rubbish! Bother the people; leave them to your mother," he says dryly; then added, with a grim smile: "She will do the correct thing, depend upon it. She will provide all the feeling the case requires. Your mother is a wonder at this sort of thing, Mary."

"Hush, dad!"

"Certainly go to the ball, my pet. It is midnight now; run and dress. Remember youth and roses fade quickly."

"Do you mean by that, sir, that I am fading? Why, you dear, wicked old dad!" Mary retorts, shaking her finger at him and saucily tossing her head.

"Fading? What nonsense! You are the loveliest girl in this town, by —."

"There, that will do," she breaks in; "no cuss words." Whereupon she presses her pretty finger on his parchment-like lips.

"But you are, by —."

"No cuss words, sir; no cuss words, dad. Why, you shocking, wicked old boy!" she says sternly; then laughingly adds: "Of course, I am; I am to you; am I not, dad?"

"Yes, my dear, you are. Run now; trot off to the ball. Kiss me good night."

They kissed and they parted. Raingold watched his daughter close the door behind her, close the radiant presence out from him. As he looked, the pleasant smile, as a veil, lifted itself and showed his strong, stern face, over which soon came, as a second veil, another smile that twisted the corners of his

mouth, hardened the furrows in his cheeks, darkened his knitted brows, and gave to his eyes a cold, grey light.

Although in this age of realistic sketching, when Daudet, Zola, and our own genial countryman, Saltus, caper nimbly in a lady's chamber to the lascivious pleasing of a lute and, with peeping eye and recording stylograph, jot down each and every circumstance connected with that dainty, delicate, fascinating, mysterious, and completely bewildering operation presumptively comprehended in that vague term, "Dressing for the ball," the writer, overcome by reverence for the sacred sanctity of a gentle maiden's shrine, halts at the door, and leaves Miss Mary Raingold to her maid.

While Miss Raingold was thus engaged, that breezy and callow youth, Frederic Raingold, Junior, was in the hands of his friends at the Clay Pipe Club. This is an incubating establishment on Fifth avenue, entirely supported by private contribution. Its object is to hatch and force that wondrous *genus* of brute creation, quite common to large cities, marked "clubman" for identification if lost, strayed, mislaid, or stolen. These friends, had they lived in the days of good Queen Anne, would have been called "Mohocks," and in our peevish, fretful times, had they chanced to enter this breathing world through Gentleman Tom's bedchamber, would have been denounced by our admirable friend Recorder Smyth as "Whysos."

Well, Raingold, Junior, and half a score of other Juniors had been devoting their intellectual abilities to playing bottle pool, and to counting, with the assistance of chalk and blackboard, thirty-one, and no more. Indeed, so cramping had the effect been upon their minds that at other times few of them could count above that amount, except when they talked of some peculiarly attractive Wall Street fancy, and then they soared, and soared, and soared—into the millions. A few more quarters, in consequence of his luck and skill, jingled in Junior's breeches pocket, and a few more seductive brandies and sodas than their little heads could stand, tuned up the music in the souls of the other Juniors, resulting in a chorus descriptive of the trials and tribulations of a certain Sally Waters who sat "sighing and singing for a nice young man." At the end of the ballad Mr. Raingold, Junior, favored the company with a most natural imitation of a jackass's bray, which was complacently received with every indication of satisfaction. Having rubbed the chalk from his breeches, and having chalked a few darkish spots on his white waistcoat, Mr. Raingold, Junior, left the brilliant assemblage in the Clay Pipe Club and crossed over to Delmonico's.

He entered the Fifth avenue door of this world-famous house of good cheer, stood for a moment talking with the good-looking young proprietor, Charley Delmonico, glanced into the bright supper room filled with pretty women and men who had just come in from the theatres, and passed back into the café.

Here Phillippe, the head waiter, with his ever-set smile of welcome, pointed to a vacant table. Walking toward it he cast his eyes about him to see if any of his own special set of precious friends were about, and not noticing any with whom he could sit and chirp away a few minutes, he sat himself down and ordered a small cup of black coffee. After a brief interval, during which he sipped his coffee, smoked his cigar, and glanced over the illustrated papers, a middle-aged man, who would generally be aptly described as a "party," sauntered up to young Raingold's table. His hair was grey, his whiskers were grey, and beneath the hair and between the whiskers a red face shone like a rising sun on a grey day. He approached with the ease natural to a man of the world, who had the innate refinement of a commercial drummer. In a half familiar sort of way he said:

"Why, Raingold, how-de-do? My, but your lordship is as handsome as a two-year-old. It don't take my field-glasses to see you are for the ball upstairs; go it, say I; go it, and you'll make a hard run for the field."

"Sit down. What will you have? Here garcon"—and, putting down his papers, he says: "I have been thinking it over, Stellwag, but there is nothing in it. The Governor would be dead sore on my having a stable. He don't like that sort of thing."

"Nonsense, my boy; faint heart, they say. Confess to him that Trumpeter is your own; show him what you cleared on the season; show him the honor of carrying the Raingold colors triumphant to the post," urges the rosy face, with a mouth in it, growing more rosy.

"I tell you the Governor won't have it. I tried it on. The Governor is business, day, evening, and night," said the young man earnestly.

"Not every evening and every night," suggests Stellwag.



"What do you mean by that?"

"Nothing; but father, as well as son, likes amusement as well as business. You should not lose the chance; the best in the world are going at the sale next Wednesday, and this is the chance of your life." The rosy face grew rosier and rosier, and showed a tinge of violet.

"Seductive, Stellwag, seductive, but not to me this time. I am out of shape now, and the Governor is not to be thought of. You will have to excuse me," he said, paying the waiter and consulting his watch. "I must go upstairs. I am just on time. Good night." So speaking, Raingold went up the back stairs to the ballroom floor above and waited for his sister. And Stellwag, muttering to himself, went out on Broadway.

To-night, as upon all nights when a ball is being given in the large Delmonico ballrooms, carriages approach the awning at the entrance on Twenty-sixth street. Each in its turn stops at it. The door is thrown open, and the occupants, heavily muffled in great soft cloaks and heavy coats, alight, hurry over the carpet, pass the outer doors, nod to Johnson—who, in the discharge of his important function of angel at the gate of this earthly paradise, watches that none but the chosen enter—and climb the stairs to the dressing rooms. In due time the Raingold family carriage, specially built to allow plenty of room for Raingold hoopskirts, frills, and furbelows, dashes up to the awning with a great rumbling of wheels, clanking of chains, and stamping of hoofs, for Spaulding the portly dearly loves an imposing entrance into the world of fashion. Like an acrobat, Tiggs the melancholy jumps from his box, presents himself at the carriage door, throws it open, and Miss Raingold alights, followed by Diana, who is made to feel the presence of Tiggs by a decided pinch, slyly administered by that worthy in helping her to alight.

At the awning, watching the fashionable tide flow through the entrance, stand a policeman, a newspaper reporter, one or two idle-minded passers-by, and a little girl warmly and snugly dressed. When she sees Miss Mary Raingold her eyes kindle and she shrinks back half-abashed. There is something familiar about the face. Is it the little girl of the Sixth Ward, whose wonderful knowledge of the ins and outs of the dismal quarter so surprised us? Is it the child-mother we saw in the crowded tenement house? It is, indeed!

Mary Raingold sees the child. She stops. "Why, Mabel, what are you doing here?" she says, surprised, and adds: "It is very late for you to be out."



"Mary Raingold places her gloved hand on her brother's arm and advances through the hall. Indeed, she is beautiful; tall, slight, yet well rounded; her dress is pure white, soft, dainty, virginal; her neck needs no adornment, and bears none; her carriage is easy yet dignified; in a word, she is a woman that can not escape notice, and, when noticed, cannot fail to elicit admiration."
(See page 47.)

"I wuz waitin' to see you, Miss Mary, go to de ball?"

"There now, I am sorry you can't see me; but never mind, run home, and come and see me at my house and I will show you the dress," replies Mary gently. She felt how great the compliment was to her, and she regretted that she could not show herself to the child dressed for the ball.

The child hurried away, the melancholy Tiggs mounted the seat by the rotund Spaulding, and, to the accompaniment of the prancing of the Raingold steeds, Mary ascended the stairs followed by her maid.

Frederic Raingold, Junior, walks up and down the broad hall, lined with palms, putting on his gloves. He nods pleasantly to his sister, as she, giving a quick look about her for him, passes along to the dressing room. He admits, with a laugh to a friend who says, "your sister is a beauty, by Joe," that she is, but that "it is not her fault, for it runs in the family, you know," to which his friend replies, "by Joe, if you were dying, Fred, you'd say something funny." And then he strikes a full, resonant he-haw.

And now Mary Raingold, at the entrance to the dressing room, looks back at her train, which, at the moment, Diana is adjusting, smiles, places her gloved hand on her brother's arm and advances through the hall. Indeed, she is beautiful; tall, slight, yet well rounded; her dress is pure white, soft, dainty, virginal; her neck needs no adornment, and bears none; her carriage is easy, yet dignified; in a word, she is a woman that can not escape notice, and, when noticed, can not fail to elicit admiration. As they enter the ballroom Frederic, Junior, says: "Have you a partner?"

"No, dear, keep a look out for me. I ordered the carriage early so that I can escape."

"Nonsense; you are all right."

At this moment, a round, plump, short, elderly matron, whose ponderous bosom heaved under a triple row of diamond necklace and pendant, stopped them, taking both of Mary's hands in her fat palms, and said: "I am so glad to see you, dear; how is your father to-night? I hope the reports are exaggerated."

"Father is very much better; quite like himself to-night."

"Exaggerated!" says Frederic, Junior.

"Do you know my brother?" adds Mary, introducing him.

"I was so much relieved when I got your note this morning. I suppose your mother is anxious and did not come on his account. That is easy for us to understand, we who have husbands. Your time will come too, dear," cheerfully re-

marks the estimable lady whom Mary had been instructed to write to, so that she need not have to write again.

As Mary and her brother walk off, he says: "Why did you introduce me to that old fluff? I have been dodging her these two winters."

Two middle-aged men standing by, having overheard the conversation, looked at each other. One said quietly: "Guess it is a novelty to Raingold to have to pass an evening with the wife of his bosom. Guess he is not a household joy."

"Better keep your eye on the market; he may take this opportunity to work under cover," adds the other.

Lander's music in the small, hot loft overhead is playing a march. Around and around the room circle black coats with arms given to tulle, silks, and fluffy stuffs; in these coats are the male anatomies; in these tulle, silks, and fluffy stuffs are the female anatomies. Some of these anatomies have been toughened by age and experience; some were born so—inherited it; some are thin, scraggy, loose-jointed, like lambs; others, stout, fleshy, firm set; some are bald, grey headed, wizened; others fresh, blooming, with rosy cheeks that resist the need of the razor.

Around and around they go. It is a sort of fête day in the marriage market. Those who want to sell are there with their goods, and those who may buy look critically over "the line" offered. On a dais to the east side of room sit the wives of the Patriarchs, "dignified and stately," like the house of peers in "Iolanthe." Some of them have goods on the floor, and they are watching, first, to see that eligible purchasers are being attracted, and, secondly, that youngsters with insufficient incomes for a lunch-counter are not "keeping off" the holy but small squadron of eligibles. All around the room are an uncomfortable row of camp-stools, upon which are seated the dancers, who remind one of "little Miss Moffit, who sat on a tuftit, eating curds and whey," so ill at rest they seem. Two or three youngsters join Miss Mary, but she feels by the pressure of Mr. Frederic's arm that the time to leave him has not come. Junior notices a slim youth and points him out. "There's a man, Mary, I want you to know—Teddy Commonwealth, of Boston."

"Is he nice?" she asks. "He doesn't look it."

"He is an ass, but rich; best Boston family and heaps of tin."

"I thought only clever people came from Boston."

"Cleverness ran out with *his* dad, I guess."

Just then, a good-looking man, with a slight trace of silver in his hair, with a square, manly, firm face, came forward, say-

ing: "Indeed, I am glad to see you, Miss Raingold. I feared you might not be here. May I have the honor to take you to supper?"

Miss Mary Raingold felt the firm pressure of Junior's arm, but she disengaged her hand nevertheless, and said: "With pleasure, Mr. Cecil; if the honor is yours, may I say the pleasure is mine?"

And then, as they moved off, he said: "And mine too. I am just in time. There is the supper march. Behold Mc-Allister, like Solomon in all his glory, lead forth to the banquet our good friend Mrs. Paran Stevens, who, in all her glory, leaves the Queen of Sheba plunged in heavy shade!"

Mr. Raingold, Junior, saunters down to supper with a bachelor friend, muttering to himself: "I wonder what Mary can see in that sour, cynical fellow, Alfred Cecil. He seems to look straight through and laugh at me."

CHAPTER VIII.

IN WHICH MISS RAINGOLD HAS GOOD AND SUFFICIENT
REASON TO VISIT THE "BIG TENEMENT."

As we journey through life we learn truths by the wayside. One of these truths is, that matters of the greatest pith and moment often emanate from things small, mean, and inconsequential. A face in a passing carriage, the momentary meeting of two pairs of eyes, a half-hour's stroll, the mere circumstance of dropping into one's club, of turning a street corner without any special purpose, or the matter of five minutes—(what a difference five minutes, five minutes earlier or later, would have made in our lives!)—and; well, these unimportant happenings alter the records of a family and change the chronicles of a nation. Even so small a thing as ten lines in a great daily newspaper, ten lines tucked away in the glowing history of a day in a busy, bustling, bumptious world, ten lines of such trifling importance that scarce one among a hundred readers would notice it at all, has its influence; and ten lines published in a certain morning newspaper had its influence on that important personage, Frederic Raingold.

It was in Mr. Raingold's newspaper, as it was in the newspapers of his one hundred thousand other fellow-citizens, but it was not an item of interest to him. It was financial, but on the wrong side. In his reading, as well as in his affairs, Mr. Raingold preferred literature suggestive of "surplus" and

"plenty," rather than "deficit" and "scarcity," so he passed it by. It was social, but not society. In her reading Mrs. Raingold preferred "cake" to "crusts," so she passed it by; but Mary Raingold was young, impressionable, and tender. The good God had struck flint and steel, and a divine spark had been emitted.

This paragraph, one of the hundred nightly set in the composing room of great papers to be used if required to fill out the columns, was not left out, as many of them are, to make room for more entertaining items, but was printed. In the morning it went out over the world, carried, as the gentle winds carry the seed, to sow it on fertile and sterile fields. So it was this item, lodged in a column descriptive of a grand social event at Tuxedo, between a "Railroad War" on one side and "Higher Coal" on the other, fell before those who, like Mary Raingold, could read, with moistening eyes and a lump in the throat, of a starving, dying woman. Who knows but He who makes the wind to scatter the seeds, does not also so answer the prayers of the poor?

These ten lines were headed "A Sad Case of Destitution." "Eyes off!" it read to Mr. Raingold; "Eyes off!" it read to Mrs. Raingold; but to Mary?—It told the story of a woman ground nigh unto death by the upper and lower millstones of life, of fever, of poverty, of uncared-for children crying for food, of all that there is in such human misery. She laid the paper down quietly and said nothing; but an hour afterward, accompanied by Diana, armed with a small basket, she left the house and took a Fourth avenue car, instructing the conductor to let her off near Mulberry street. "It's a bad neighborhood, Miss," says Diana. "Them's all Italians down there."

"Never mind; no harm will come to us. This tenement house is on a court off Mulberry street. If it looks terrible we will get a policeman to go with us."

"No one will touch you, Miss; you looks like an angel. But they'll see I'm only human flesh and blood."

In due course of time they alight and ask their way of a policeman. When this guardian of public safety learns their mission he grows sympathetic, walks with them to the end of his beat and passes them over to a brother officer, who conducts them through an alley into a triangular court, across one side of which a tall building raises its frowning, factory-like front. A small boy, with an anxious but highly important air, volunteers to show them the way upstairs, while a group of ragged youngsters, all eyes and mouth, in silence and with deep interest, stand in the narrow entrance and watch them pass

up the steep, creaking staircase with its shaky banisters. On the second flight the small guide stops, puffing with his speedy ascent, and says: "A nudder leddy up 'tairs now. I—I 'towed her up. Dat tudder leddy gib me a nickel." Mary felt in her glove and showed him a five-cent piece, wondering if "tudder leddy" had not anticipated her in her mission. "I am glad to hear that, Miss," says Diana, who felt a need of company in these miserable surroundings. The smells, the opening of doors on a crack, the shutting of unseen doors, the voices of unseen people were affecting the nerves of Mary's maid.

"Dat's it," says the guide. "Say,"—and he pounds on the door—"more wisitin' leddies."

Mary gives him the small coin. A feeling of curiosity overcomes her and she says: "What will you do with it, little man?"

"Treat."

"Who will you treat?"

"De chillun at de door, Dey's waitin' now."

"What will you buy?"

"Bolivars."

"Bolivars?" Mary wondering what "Bolivars" are, gives him a larger coin for heavier expenditures in "Bolivars." The youngster scampers off to head a procession intent upon devouring gingerbread horses, elephants, and strange beasts of the field. The door is opened a little way, and Mary sees a tear-stained face lit up with smiles, and a riotous mass of wavy auburn tresses to which a comb was a stranger. In her hand she held a half-eaten slice of bread. "Can we come in?" says Mary.

The door is opened. On a mattress in one corner of a bare room, without a stove to heat it, with broken window panes, plastered with bits of paper, lay a woman pale unto death, and so sparsely covered that the lines of her shrunken figure eloquently told the story of sickness and poverty. On a battered trunk a newspaper was spread, upon which was a great loaf of bread and two bottles of milk. Before it sat a red-headed youngster whose cheeks, chin, and nose were smeared with butter, as he with rolling eyes devoured slices of bread held in two hands. Near the bed, on a box, was seated a well but plainly dressed young woman, with an air of quiet refinement, holding in her arms a gaunt, hungry-looking little child whom she was feeding with bread and milk.

As Mary Raingold entered, this young nurse raised her large eyes half veiled with drooping lids as though in wonder-

ment; she saw at a glance a look in Mary Raingold's face which plainly read—I am a little surprised to find any one here; the next instant she said in a low, sweet voice: "Won't you come in?"

"I saw a notice in the paper and I thought I might be of service," Mary replied, feeling that since another was ahead of her she might be an intruder. The doing of kind acts was looked upon by Mary as such a blessed privilege, that she felt she might be depriving another of a certain happiness.

"So did I," spoke the low, sweet voice, "and my little friends here are now having a hearty breakfast. Of course," she continued apologetically, "I did not know exactly what to bring, so I just took what I could find; you see it—bread, milk, and a boiled tongue. Won't you come and see her?" So saying she turned her eyes—holding Mary's glance the while—toward the recumbent figure. That eloquent look meant, she needs what we can't give her—life. Kneeling by the mattress Mary whispered gentle words which soothed and comforted; then, bethinking herself of a flask in her basket, she turned, saying: "I have a flask of brandy; do you think it would be good for her?"

"In a little milk? It might do her good." Thereupon she gave the child to its sister, who took it as one well accustomed to handling children, and, kneeling beside the woman, raised her head and shoulders in her tender arms, while Mary placed a cup with milk and a tablespoonful of brandy to her lips; "there, drink a little, poor friend." As she was laid back onto her hard bed, with its stained sheets, on a pillow of old clothing, she murmured, "God bless you both; God love you both." Did this, whispered on earth, echo in heaven? Did angels speed to the seat of infinite mercy with these whispered words? Did they, and do they, touched by good deeds, shed tears on the pages of evil and blot out the records? Do those tears, shed in heaven, fall on hard, sinful hearts of the earth, to soften and cleanse them? Who knows? For wondrous are thy ways, oh God!

Diana the meantime had been endeavoring "to tidy up," because, as she said afterwards, she would "have had to bust out crying," and in doing this had taken the little boy in hand, and with marvellous skill sewed up a few holes in the ragged breeches, washed his face and combed his hair, while his sister stood by enjoining Thomas Michael to be "aisy." Thomas Michael submitted with apprehension to the progress of the ancient comb through his matted locks. Then crossing and standing at the window, sometimes looking at each other,

sometimes looking out over the roof tops and between chimneys, the young women stood with sweet, serious faces, wondering what had best be done. "I told her," said she with the low, sweet voice, "that it would be best for her to go to the hospital, but she says 'no, I hear the voice of my man whispering to me to come. I can not stay here. For pity's sake let me die with my babies; I can not stay long.' Indeed, I think she is dying. She looks at her children—see her now—and now, she does not see them."

"But she may live if sent to the hospital. What will become of the children? Let us send for a doctor," says Mary Raingold.

"I have sent," replies her companion, "a boy, the son of a kind-hearted woman on a floor downstairs. He was here with his mother when I came in. They have kept these people alive. He went for a doctor and the mother went for bed clothes, a stove, and a wash basin. Everything has been pawned. Is it not dreadful?"

"How good you are!" says Mary impulsively, taking her hands.

A veil of moisture covers the large eyes, then the drooping lids close and open fast, and a slight flush mantles the cheeks. "Not good," she says; "sympathetic."

As they stand talking together a tall, slim young man enters attended with a physician. The doctor, with a grave face, takes the wrist of the sick woman in his hand, asks a few questions, noting with trained skill each beat of the feeble pulse. Looking up, he says: "Young man, suppose you take the children out in the hall for a while. Will you young ladies stand here for a few minutes?" The young man leaves the room with the strange bit of motherhood carrying her charge on her left arm and leading Thomas Michael, suppressing a moan with difficulty. After a more careful examination of the patient the doctor rises, writes a prescription, and talks with the young women, who feel deeply concerned. They have seen for themselves that the flame of life was merely flickering in that poor, wasted human vessel; but they were young and they had hope.

"There is nothing to be done," he says in a hushed voice. "It is a mere matter of a few days—hours, perhaps; it is too late for medicine. It might have been different; but neglect, want, and lack of nourishment have done the rest. A miracle, not medicine, can cure her. This is merely something to soothe her; it will ease her, that's all." And he left the room

as a rosy-faced Irishwoman entered bearing an armful of blankets, comforters, and sheets.

After making the woman comfortable in her new bed the two young women left, promising to return the next day. A look of intense gratitude filled the eyes of the sufferer as they passed out of the room. The rosy-faced Irishwoman who Mary had engaged to wait on the sick woman was busy with her son putting up a stove when the door closed behind them.

A cab stood in Mulberry street. Into it stepped the young woman with large eyes veiled with drooping lids, saying: "If you will be here to-morrow, I may see you. Good day."

"Good day," Mary Raingold said pleasantly.

"It seems to me she might have taken you uptown, Miss," remarked Diana as they walked toward the horse cars; "but," she added, as though borrowing a leaf from Mrs. Raingold's book of social ethics, "I suppose, not knowin' you, she may not like to make chance acquaintances."

CHAPTER IX.

BESIDE A FLICKERING LAMP SIT IN SILENCE TWO TRAVELLERS
ALONG A ROUGH, WELL-WORN ROAD.

ON the following morning Mary Raingold and Diana stood before the entrance of the big tenement laden with packages of various sizes and shapes. A young Irishman, whose cheeks still held the blush of kisses imprinted by the soft winds which caress his native isle, seeing them so burdened, thrust a short clay pipe into his breeches pocket and, with an air of crude courtesy mingled with shyness, offered his services. He, as well as others in the swarming hive, had heard that ministering angels in human forms had come among them to relieve the necessities of one of their number. After climbing the long stairs Mary entered the room and found her companion of the day before, with sleeves tucked up, hard at work. The two young women greeted each other cordially.

A change had been wrought by these practical girls. A plain, bright iron bed ordered by Mary Raingold had been put up by the middle-aged woman and her son. On its soft



"A plain, bright iron bed ordered by Mary Raingold had been put up by the middle-aged woman and her son. On its soft mattress, with her head sinking into pillows the like of which may never have been under it before, lay the sick woman." (See page 54.)

mattress, with her head sinking into pillows the like of which may never have been under it before, lay the sick woman. At her side, on a chair, a bunch of bright, delicious flowers added a touch of color and freshness. At the foot of the bed, in a basket, slept the child. In the centre of the room a stove gave out a gentle heat, which delighted the soul of Thomas Michael, who persistently touched it to see whether it was hot, and each time scowled while placing the investigating finger into the capacious recess of his cheek. Upon this stove stood a steaming kettle and a tin, the contents of which the young woman with the large eyes busily stirred. "You see," said she, smiling, "we are all hard at work."

"Yes, indeed; what a lot you have done! How is our friend?" asked Mary, crossing over to the bed.

"About the same," she replied; then, sinking her voice, she added very softly: "I fear she has little strength left."

Mary Raingold sat by the bed and talked to the woman who, feeling her hour was coming, was troubled about her children. Mary tried to comfort her as best she could. "If Mabel were only grown," said the mother, looking toward her eldest child; "she would be a mother to them; but Mabel is only a child. Poor Mabel!" And as Mary sat talking and the young cook kept stirring the contents of the tin, Diana busied herself in fitting a warm gown to Mabel's spare figure. After a while the young woman with the large eyes said to Mary slowly and hesitatingly: "I am going now; I am going to leave you alone with her. I think she would like to talk to you—to you—about things—about things—you understand?"

"Won't you talk to her?" said Mary gently, and added: "Do you think she would like to have a priest?"

"I don't know. Please talk to her. I have seen her lips move—move as though in prayer. She tried to speak to me."

"Oh, why did you not speak to her?"

"Don't ask me! I could not."

And so went another day, and still another. For almost a week the woman suffered on, slowly sinking; and every morning or afternoon her visitors came with their sunny, cheerful presence.

One day Mary Raingold stood at the window and, turning to Mabel, she said: "I have not seen Mrs. McCarty this morning. Has she been in?"

Mabel crossed over to her and, looking about to see whether she would be overheard, said: "Her son, 'im that was 'ere, is put up; an' she's takin' on."

"What do you mean?" asks Mary, wondering what the

child means by "put up," though vaguely surmising that trouble has overcome the bustling Irishwoman.

"I mane, Tom's been after stolen an' de cop's nailed 'im, an' his mudder is off lookin' arter 'im."

How much crime, thinks Mary to herself, how much crime and misery there is in the world, and how much trouble and pain each one creates who leaves for a moment the right path.

At luncheon on the day following the Patriarchs' ball Mrs. Raingold says to her daughter: "Mary, there are two or three places we must go this afternoon, and I will thank you to be ready to go with me."

"At what hour, mother?"

"At half after four. Suppose we drive first?"

"No, mother," says Mary softly; "I do not care to drive to-day. I will try to be ready at half after four. I have some things to look after first."

"What?" inquires Mrs. Raingold, thinking to herself that her daughter has not of late been accounting for her time.

"Some poor, sick people," answers Mary.

"Oh, tut, you and your poor!" ejaculates Mrs. Raingold, showing annoyance. "Why don't you give them those tickets? What is the use of subscribing to the Charity Aid Society, if you spend all your time running after these people! Why should a girl at your time of life give her time to such things; make an old woman of yourself before you are a woman? I do not approve." And, so saying, Mrs. Raingold lapsed into silence, much to Mary's satisfaction. Immediately after Mary and Diana started off on their daily errand.

A change was about to take place in the small room at the top of the long creaking stairs. A flame of life burning low in a human vessel was flickering, flickering ere it took flight; a spark was about to be drawn back to the source of all light. Over chimneys and house tops, dancing through queer nooks and crevices, into sullen courtyards and gloomy alleys, through dingy windows, and into the sick room, lighting it with its glory, shone the sun. It stretched itself on the board floor, it crept up the cracked wall, it stole into corners, and finally it fell across the sick woman's bed. The invalid's eyes rested upon it. And she with the dreamy eyes moved toward the window of paper-patched panes to shut it out, fearful that it might disturb the sufferer, but she stopped, seeing the woman motion to her. She resumed her seat by the bed. "Let it shine, Miss; can you push me into it?" whispered she whose light was growing dim, and more dim, with each running hour. When the bed was rolled into the sun, it shone upon her, across her frail,

wasted form, and then she murmured half audibly: "As child—loved sun—played in it—sat in it—sang—please sing." With a tear stealing down her cheek, with a lump in her throat, with a feeling of pressure upon her; the girl, holding the wasted hand, sang to her—sang to her such songs of sweetness, tenderness, and devotion that Mary and Diana, standing at the door, stood there, hesitating to enter. After a while, the voice, sinking lower and lower, ceased, a hush was in the room, and they entered. Across the bed the sun lay; across the bowed head of her who sat silent, with hands clasped, it fell as a halo, and the air, trembling with light and song, seemed to Mary as the atmosphere of a sacred place.

Seeing the door open, the girl quickly arose, with finger to lip, enjoining quiet. She moved forward to Mary, saying: "She sleeps."

At the window she said that fearing the end she had sent Mabel with the children out for a walk, and Mary, wishing to be left alone, sent Diana to join them, giving her change to buy candy or fruit for them. And then, as the woman slept, they, these two young women, so strangely brought together, stood at the window talking in whispers as to the children's future. The sun touched them both, touched the bed, and seemed to bless them all. Then as the sun shifted, the shadows stole dark and deep from the corners, crept over the floor, and followed the moving light as night follows day, and silence follows darkness. Standing at the window Mary took the girl's soft, white hand in hers and said: "We who have met as strangers, we who have seen each other day by day, have never spoken our names." She with the drooping lids began to withdraw her hands ever so gently, and Mary, not heeding, continued: "Mine is Mary—Mary Raingold."

"Raingold!" whispers the girl in a surprised, questioning way. "Raingold!" she repeats, closing her eyes for a instant, as though it hurt her to speak the name. Then she raised the curtains of those clear, beautiful eyes, clenching one hand tightly and sweeping her forehead with the other, saying: "And mine?—well, pray excuse me—mine is—forgive—I am only an actress." There was a half-suppressed sob of pain in her faltering voice; but she moved to the bed. A sudden change in her face attracted Mary to her side. It had been caused by the woman whose eyes seemed to be following the sunlight, whose mouth seemed to smile with the sunlight, whose aches had been drunk in by the sunlight, whose light had gone out with the last touch of the sunlight, and who was now cloaked with the shadow, and at rest in

Silence. The Silence that came out of darkness; the Silence that had waited and watched, watched and waited, to enter the room and fill it.

And she and Mary sat quiet and motionless by the dead.

CHAPTER X.

IN WHICH THE ROAD TAKES A TURN AND RUNS THROUGH THE
HOSTELRY OF MINE HOST OF THE SEPULCHRE.

AND Tom in his cell sat the long days through. He wondered sometimes if, in the many affairs to be neatly adjusted to the statutes by justices of high court and low court, his had not been overlooked. So small and insignificant he seemed in his own eyes, that he was inclined to believe that Justice, in fixing her handcuffs upon so many wrists, might overlook him and leave him to grow old. Standing, where he stood daily, at his cell door, he had watched the strange, quiet life around him. Along the corridors and in the main hall he could see the keepers doing their long day's work. Sometimes he could see them go on duty at seven in the morning, and frequently he would see their relief come on at seven at night. Twelve hours a day, thought Tom to himself, is a long day's work, and he reflected that a keeper who followed this occupation for ten years was passing five years in jail. Five years is a long sentence, he mused. Often he thought he would like to talk the matter over with one of his guardians, but he did not venture to do so. Then he fell to counting the keepers, their clothes, the buttons on their coats, the number of cells, the number of holes formed by the grating to the cell doors. In this way he occupied his mind.

Not the least interesting of his observations was the life about him. He seemed surrounded by incessant activity during the day. The coming and going of his many mates in misery attracted him. He soon learned to divide all prisoners into two classes. Those who had come for the first time showed it by a blush of shame, or in pallid, nervous faces. They often hung their heads, or looked cast down and troubled. But those who had been in "the Tombs" before showed little or no concern. They carried themselves as though their present dilemma was in the natural sequence of

events. Some nodded to keepers as much as to say—"Well, old man, here we are again." He could not fail to note the varied range of facial expression. There were some men with faces indicative of high qualities, manhood, honesty, staunchness; and there were others—low, cunning, and treacherous. He soon learned the Warden's classification of prisoners, and he wondered sometimes, to see what delicate, refined looking men were apparently held for violent deeds; indeed, he began in an idle sort of way to connect faces and crimes; at length the incongruity of faces and alleged crimes bewildered him, and he looked on with perplexity.

In the morning there always seemed to be an air of expectancy about the place. At many cell doors, in fact, at most of them, the prisoners stood as Gentleman Tom did, looking out in the corridors. He saw those who were going to court for trial step out of their cells. Their clothes were better brushed, their faces cleaner, their hair more carefully combed. Each figure seemed to indicate a greater nervous strength; it was plain each prisoner was determined to summon every power to carry him through the ordeal before him. If liberty was not to be attained, a short sentence might be possible; hope burned in each breast as a flame in a lamp. Then there was the removal of the sentenced. How different! These men stood in line, limp, spiritless, broken. The State Prison was before them, and hope, the flame in their breast, was quenched. It seemed to Tom that no sooner was a cell vacated than another miserable unfortunate crossed its threshold, and so thinking, he wondered how long the line would be if all who sat in his cell before he had entered it, and all who would follow in the days to come, could stand in a row. In the forenoon he would hear the rumble of the "Black Maria" entering the prison yard, and soon he recognized the sound to signify the arrival of more boarders to Mine Host of the Sepulchre. And then, glancing down, he would see the new arrivals, just committed in Police Courts, conducted to their cells to wait trial, as he was now drearily waiting.

At first the sight of food was enough for Tom, but in a day or two his nervousness wore off, and he ate his meals with a hearty appetite. He noticed that the man in the cell next to his had certain dishes not served him, and discovered that these were not the prison fare, but extra dishes ordered and paid for by the prisoner. And so, thought Tom, even in prison a little money makes the rough road smoother. But what he chiefly wondered at was that his neighbor should buy food when what was given was good enough for any one.

Still, in gastronomic matters, Tom was scarcely a man of refined tastes.

His mother daily visited him, and moaned at his door, telling him amid her choking sobs to be cheerful, to be brave, for in a little while he would prove his innocence. These visits, although they broke into the oppressive monotony of his life, disturbed him greatly; he felt very keenly the pain and anguish she suffered. One afternoon a keeper told him that a young girl had come to see him.

"Wat's 'er name?" asked Gentleman Tom, looking surprised.

"She says it's Mabel—thought it was your sweetheart that is to be—being too young for sweetheart, let alone wife—and says she is only a friend," answers the keeper.

Presently the young maiden, "too young for sweetheart, let alone wife," comes to Master Tom's door and looks through the grating. "Tom," she whispers.

"Hello, Mabel. Sorry can't inwite yuh into me parlor, as de spider remarked to de fly—we'll have to tune our conversation to dis 'ere lattice as dey do up at de convent." Poor Tom, he wants to show he has a stout heart!

"Say, Tom, is dat yer dungeon?" Mabel whispers in a hushed voice, peering into the cell.

"Dat's a penetratin' observation, Mabel, partly right, 'nd partly wrong. Dis sumptuous 'partment is a dungeon cell, 'nd is mine 'cause I can't get rid o' it; but, remarkin' de sudden changes dat takes place 'ere most all de time, 'twon't be long mine."

"Where's yuh goin', Tom?"

"Up." With this Gentleman Tom motions, casting his thumb over his shoulder.

"Up where? Mudder's gone up!" says Mabel.

"No, wat?" Tom's pronunciation of the word "wat" is accompanied with a gathering of the lips as though he were about to whistle, and the word is sustained upon a long and exhaustive breath.

"Yes," says Mabel, with the tears stealing down her cheeks.

"She's gone up—gone to hev-hen. We's buried de remains to-day."

Tom shook his head.

"Dose ladies wuz angels, Tom. Dey did everyt'in'. Here's flowers from de grave fur you. Mudder wuz fond o' you, Tom. Thomas Michael an' de baby is in de institootion, an' I'se goin' to be a maid to de udder lady, de one wid de sleepy

eyes. I say, Tom, de tenants down first floor say dat de fashionable lady's fadder's name an' de lan'lord's is de same."

"Wal, Mabel, dat's not queer to me. Sittin' 'ere playin' t'oughts—sort o' solitaire, ye know—I t'inks 'bout life a good deal, an' I sez not'in' is surprisin'—t'ings er just as dey is to be an' dere's no use buckin' 'gin fate. Yuh see de lan'lord collect de rent, as dat lecture feller sed de sky collects de water from de ocean, an' his daughter pours de money as charity as de sky pours down de water as rain. Dat's motion. De only t'ing dat don't move is Justice, an' I guess de t'in-dressed woman with de bandage 'round her peepers is 'sleep. Wat did yuh say de lady's fadder's name wuz; what's hern?"

"Raingold."

"Raingold! Why, jimminy crimps, dat's de name o' de feller who sez I swiped his clock!" Gentleman Tom's voice trembled with emotion, he held the gate firmly in his hands. Noticing his agitation, Mabel said softly: "Why, Tom, you've jes' been after sayin' not'in' wuz a 'sprise to you. Look at ye now!"

"By jimminy crimps!"

That evening Gentleman Tom had thoughts. He sat looking, as it were, for them—looking down deep into a bunch of withering flowers—flowers from the grave.

CHAPTER XI.

A POINT ON THE ROAD WHERE WE MEET RAINGOLD, OF WALL STREET, AND BYRNES, OF MULBERRY STREET.

FREDERIC RAINGOLD has business this morning on his way downtown.

A note had been the cause of it. It was a very plain looking note, enclosed in a very plain looking envelope—just such a looking envelope as one receives inviting the reader's attention to a reaping machine, to a new button fastener, or to any of those many articles for which we may, might, could, would, or should not have any possible use or desire. It lay at Mr. Raingold's place at the breakfast table. He opened it, read it, and looked at Junior.

If there was anything in the world that Junior might desire to avoid, it was this daily breakfast with Senior. Upon this particular morning Junior had the outward and visible appear-

ance of being absorbed in the news. He held his newspaper up, ostensibly to read it, in fact to screen himself from Senior's eyes; for, if the truth be told, there was that half burned out look about his eyes, which it were better for Junior for Senior not to see. Junior the evening previous had been detained very late, or rather very early, at the Clay Pipe Club, and after such outings Junior was conscious of an increased appreciation of ice-water and newspapers and a decreased appreciation of truffled eggs and conversation.

Raingold, Senior, looked toward Junior as though about to speak; Raingold, Junior, behind his newspaper, felt that Senior was looking toward him. Senior changed his mind and audibly muttered, "Donkey." Junior, hearing this observation, made a wry face, opening his warm, cotton lined mouth, which seemed to say—Now I'll catch it. After a brief, but seemingly long interval Junior, not hearing the awful question—"What time did you get in, sir?" closed his mouth and waited.

The butler, moved perhaps by a fellow feeling, quietly filled his goblet for the third time. "Donkey—ass," ejaculated Raingold, Senior. Meaning me, thought Junior, to whom the page of murderers, suicides, divorces and the other choice tid-bits of daily news seemed to dance and blend. To his relief Senior arose, strode from the room and from the house.

"Spriggs," says Junior, laying down his paper; "the Governor is onto me."

"Well, sir," remarks Spriggs smoothly; "your father did look pretty sharp at you; but 'twasn't because you was out late, sir; the cause, sir, was a note in his mail, sir."

"What in the deuce could it have been?" says Junior, wondering if he had any bills. "I wonder if Stellwag has written to the Governor. Confound him!" Thereupon Junior rushes out of the house in search of Stellwag.

This note was not from Stellwag. It was from Chief Inspector Byrnes, politely requesting Mr. Raingold to stop at Police Headquarters on Mulberry street on his way downtown. And so Mr. Raingold has business this morning.

A hansom dashes up to the entrance and Mr. Raingold passes into the building, between two green lamps which are just as green and jealous looking in the daylight as at dark; just the same looking lamps and just the same looking door as when Gentleman Tom passed into the police station: they seemed, to his fancy, the flashing eyes and flapping mouth of a great monster.

Mr. Frederic Raingold is ushered into the Superintendent's



"'Oh, that is not it, Mr. Raingold,' quietly adds the detective, puffing his cigar. 'It is my duty to protect the citizen and catch the thief. To catch the thief I must find the stolen property. You must see it won't do to let a thief go free; he sets a bad example.'"' (See page 63.)

office, where he meets Chief Inspector Thomas Byrnes, Acting Superintendent.

"Good morning, Mr. Raingold," says the Inspector pleasantly, coming forward. "I hope it did not inconvenience you to call. I would have stepped into your office, but I am on duty here and don't get down to the Wall Street bureau very often."

"No inconvenience, Mr. Byrnes; not in the least. What can I do for you?" says Mr. Raingold quietly, looking keenly at the great detective.

"Nothing. Take a chair. Have a cigar?" So speaking, the Inspector stands before his desk, his undress sack coat or blouse unbuttoned, and knocks the ashes from his cigar. He continues quietly: "You were attacked, Mr. Raingold, a few days ago, and your son told my men that the party who struck you took your watch and chain. Well, the man was caught and is locked up; it is our duty to find the stolen goods. My men say no watch of this description," handing Mr. Raingold a type-written description of the watch and chain, "has been pawned in New York, Brooklyn, or Jersey City; in fact, in Boston or Philadelphia. The description, perhaps, is faulty; will you correct it?"

Mr. Raingold reads the paper slowly and says: "That is sufficient. Oh, don't bother; let it go."

"Oh, that is not it, Mr. Raingold," quietly adds the detective, puffing his cigar. "It is my duty to protect the citizen and catch the thief. To catch the thief I must find the stolen property. You must see it won't do to let a thief go free; he sets a bad example."

"But haven't you got him?" questions Mr. Raingold.

"Well, it appears that we have; does it appear so to you?" answers and questions the Inspector, brushing the ashes from his coat.

"It certainly does."

"That's it," said Byrnes; "it certainly does appear so, but I never go by appearances; appearances are misleading."

Mr. Raingold, who had begun to smile, ceased and assumed an air of incredulity.

"This particular young man in a particular tough district," added the Inspector, "has earned a reputation for honesty, and deservedly. Many people, I am told, have reason to believe him honest. They are surprised that he struck you. Can there be any mistake about that?"

"None; he admits it," answered Mr. Raingold with a flush of color.

"But he denies taking your watch?"

"What does that amount to?"

"Did you wear that coat the day you were assaulted?"

"Yes; this one and an overcoat."

"Your overcoat was buttoned?"

"No, it was open, thrown back," says Mr. Raingold, showing how it was thrown back.

"And this one?" adds Inspector Byrnes, touching the coat, "was buttoned, top button only; well, well, that certainly does expose the vest. Your watch was in the right-hand pocket; there, very easy to get at, certainly; easy to snap on the ring, very easy; and the chain heavy linked gold, and bar passed through this button-hole. Wore the same vest, I suppose?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Raingold, feeling uncomfortable.

"Button-hole good and strong; not broken; scarcely worn. Did you feel a tug?"

"No."

"Supposed not. Bar must have been passed through. Not easy; not easy thing to do. It was a cold day, cold day, Mr. Raingold," Mr. Byrnes draws, puffing his cigar.

"Yes, it was pretty cold," replied Raingold, getting more red and more uncomfortable.

"Cold day to be out with your overcoat open like that; must have been feeling warm?" Mr. Byrnes draws and smiles.

Raingold gave the Inspector a steady look and said: "Look here; I am neither a fool nor a child. What do you mean by this examination? Are you working the third degree on me?" There is a moment's pause and Mr. Raingold continues irritably: "Confound it, do you know who I am? Do you think I stole my own watch, or what do you think?"

"Well, be quiet, Mr. Raingold; you are a man of business. Everybody in Wall Street knows you. You know what my business is and what my duty is; you know it is my duty to protect lives and property. I know that New York shall be the safest city in the world. When a citizen says he has been knocked down and robbed on a public highway, I must not think who the thief is, but I must know. You must know and I must know. Every theft is a mark against my record. Now we understand each other. I won't go further than the first degree, Mr. Raingold; however, I shall ask you one question more. It is not impertinent. Did you ever see your assailant before he struck you?"

"No. I never saw him before."

"Now, Mr. Raingold, in my way of having to know things I am glad to know *firstly*, that your watch was not stolen by your assailant; *secondly*, that I know *why* you felt so warm that you did not button your overcoat which, allow me to suggest, was imprudent, as it was a very cold day; *thirdly*, I know that you might like to say *the watch was returned by the police*; *fourthly*, I know you will not charge the boy with stealing your watch; *fifthly*, I will ask the last question: Come now; shall I send the watch and chain to your office, or will you get it yourself?"

"Don't bother about it. We understand each other—you can appreciate the fix I was in."

"Certainly," drawled the great detective; "perfectly. Stock brokers are very apt to get in a fix at the stage door. Take a cigar."

The great manipulator of millions feels very small as, smoking the cigar, he reënters his hansom; and Inspector Byrnes, stroking his moustache, laughs quietly. He is accustomed to seeing big men crowded into small corners.

On the same evening Raingold, Junior, and his sister Mary went to the theatre, and afterwards to Delmonico's to have a bite of supper. There are many who go to this famous place of entertainment after the theatre, not so much because they feel the need of supper, or because they are tempted by the delicious dishes Delmonico only knows how to set before his guests, but for the amusement it affords one to meet friends. Indeed, Delmonico's restaurant after eleven at night is a congress of delegates from the many social sets that compose that marvellous organization called Society, while the café adjoining it is, in fact, a cosmopolitan club. Here they sat for a while eating a light supper. From his place in the doorway Mr. Cecil saw Mary Raingold and entered. As he approached the table at which she was seated with her brother, he stopped for a moment to chat with friends. Junior noticed him, and, turning to his sister, said: "There is that fellow Cecil, Mary. I guess he is coming over to speak to you."

"Why do you say 'that fellow,' Fred?" said Mary, feeling a slight color coming to her cheeks.

"I don't like him; he is a cad," answered Junior.

"You wrong him, Fred. He is not 'a fellow' simply because you don't like him, and if I am any judge of men, I should say he is very much the gentleman. You have no business to call a man a cad," she said warmly.

"Oh, come now, Mary; don't scold. Can't a chap say what

he wants to without being jumped on? You are a pretty good defender. Confess; are you a little touched there?" her brother asks with a slight sneer.

"When you say I am a pretty good defender, you speak from experience, Fred; but you need not make any nasty insinuations, my dear, because you will make me 'a pretty good defender' of myself. Here comes Mr. Cecil; tell him he is a cad, and, if I am not mistaken, you will need more bandages than father did." Mary spoke hastily and with anger.

Mr. Alfred Cecil shook hands with Mary Raingold, who introduced him to her brother. The young man put a glass in his eye and sat silently staring. Not the least disconcerted, Mr. Cecil completely ignored this hopeful, and chatted pleasantly with Miss Raingold. Finally, after some ten minutes or so, Mary Raingold rose from the table saying it was time to go home.

In the street Raingold, Junior, said: "There, now, Mary, did you notice that that friend of yours never spoke to me? Cut me, by gracious."

"I notice he paid less attention to you than to the waiters," said Mary; "and I knew he did it because you looked at him so insolently when he sat down. If you were the man of the world you think you are, you would not have made such a goose of yourself."

After this there was a long pause.

Silently they strolled along, noticing the bright lights shining through the windows of the Hotel Brunswick restaurant. It is a picturesque corner, this corner of the Brunswick, with its stained glass windows and its queer recesses formed by bay windows. For some reason or other the idle passer-by is seized with a fit of curiosity—a desire to peep into these snug corners. This desire seized Mary Raingold, and she looked in. An exclamation of surprise on her part caused Frederic Raingold, Junior, to do likewise.

At a table sat a middle-aged gentleman and a pretty young woman with large eyes, half veiled with drooping lids. Before them were the remnants of a finished supper. "Why, it is the Governor, by all that is wonderful!" exclaims Raingold, Junior; "and isn't she a stunner?"

"How curious! Why, Fred, I know her. And father?" Mary looked intently into the fair face which seemed to her to wear a colder, harder look upon it.

"Who is she?" asked Junior, now doubly surprised.

"She said she was an actress," said Mary in a low voice, as



"At a table sat a middle-aged gentleman and a pretty young woman with large eyes, half-veiled with drooping lids. Before them were the remnants of a finished supper. 'Why, it is the Governor, by all that is wonderful!' exclaims Raingold, Junior; 'and isn't she a stunner?'" (See page 66.)

though thinking to herself, then added : " I met her while visiting some poor people ; but she did not say she knew pa."

" No, dear, come away ; and pa did not say he knew her. We have hit one of the Governor's secrets on the head, Mary. Oh ! this is a mad world, my masters ! We are onto the Governor's curves. An actress, by jingo—little supper—dear papa—Bah ! bah ! black sheep, have you any wool ?" And Raingold, Junior, roared with laughter.

But Mary—a sadness came over her. Her thoughts closed out the sounds of her brother's mirth. And so they returned home—he laughing heartily ; she silent and sad.

CHAPTER XII.

IN WHICH A "TIGER" IS BEARDED IN HIS "LAIR" ON
THE ROAD BY JUNIOR.

IT was uncommonly dull at the Clay Pipe Club the evening after Frederic Raingold, Junior, and his sister went to the theatre, as recorded in the last chapter, and this worthy young man, perhaps in consequence of a long sleep the night previous, did not find his fellow-members' society either agreeable or entertaining. He had sauntered into the billiard-room, but finding those choice spirits, among whom he was a prince, absent, making night hideous elsewhere, he had gone into the reception room. Here a few members, in a semi-somnolent condition, were seated with newspapers on their laps, looking for all the world like a newspaper literary club overcome by mental dyspepsia. Upstairs he wandered and joined a group of tall collared youngsters, who were gravely discussing the ups and downs of the stock market, as though each endeavored to remember something he had read or heard. Frederic Raingold, Junior, may have, at times, in outbursts of juvenile exuberance of spirits, placed himself at the head of the vanguard of asses, but when Wall Street matters were touched upon, he preserved a silence concerning all affairs on 'Change so persistently and consistently, that his associates believed him to be a veritable storehouse of financial knowledge. This impression was heightened by the fact that all the young men of his acquaintance knew that the youngster's father was an adroit manipulator of shares, and that it was only a matter of time when he would be his father's

partner. And so when Fred Raingold joined the group they felt that one who knew more than they had come among them; and the observations they made were noticeably more conservative.

"After all," said one sagely, "the question of merits, that is, the real worth of a property, has little or nothing to do with the market value of stocks. The price of a stock is sustained more by manipulation than by actual value. It is a gamble pure and simple."

"I have always said," added another, "that the Stock Exchange is a greater gambling hell than Monte Carlo. You play with bigger chips; that is all the difference."

By easy transition the conversation passed from stocks to roulette, and the possibilities of winning at the latter game were discussed by all present. This afforded Junior an opportunity, and he advanced a theory by which he believed the game could be beaten. All laughed, for all present had had "systems," and each was conscious that "systems" proved flat and unprofitable upon trial.

Finally the group was reduced to Raingold and a manly young fellow of five and twenty, who frankly confessed that no game possessed for him the fascinations of roulette; true, he lost invariably, but whether a winner or a loser, it was all the same; indeed he did not know but the pain of losing was a more intense feeling than the pleasure of winning.

"I will tell you what I will do," said Junior. "I have got a hundred. Suppose we go and buck the tiger?"

"What is the use of losing a hundred? Try fifty. Leave fifty at the desk," said his friend.

"Well, I will play fifty."

"Will you leave the other here?"

"No; what is the use? Do you suppose I will lose my head? If I say fifty I mean fifty. Come."

The young men rose and left the club-house.

They walked down the Avenue for a few blocks, and turned to the westward smoking their cigars. After a few minutes they ascended the stoop of a brown stone house of quiet and aristocratic appearance. Two things were noticeable about the exterior; first, every blind was closely drawn, and, secondly, one side of the outer door was opened. Ringing the bell, they waited within the vestibule. Presently the glass panel of the inner door was half opened by a colored boy who looked out cautiously. He recognized Junior at a glance and, discovering Raingold's friend standing in the shadow, asked: "Is that gentleman with you?"

"Yes."

The look of caution vanished, and the dark, intelligent face lighted up with smiles. The panel closed and the front door swung open.

The young men crossed the threshold. The door closed behind them; they had entered the most fashionable gambling house in the city. Here the tiger was kept. Here was the tiger to be bucked. Many in their turn had crossed the threshold to tackle the tiger, but no information could be here obtained of the disposition of the remains. All such particulars are the well-kept secrets jealously guarded by the courteous owners of the tiger.

Immediately upon entering, a tall, stylish, well-dressed man, with grey hair and moustaches, steps out of the parlor into the hall, saying: "Why, how-de-do, Mr. R——? You are quite a stranger."

Raingold laughed to himself. He had been in the tiger's lair only two nights before.

"My gracious! Mr. C——, I have not seen you in years. I scarce remember you. You were in with a party from Chicago."

"Right you are, Huff. I was in with a party from Chicago, and, I may add, out with the said party. Your tiger did me up. I have been recuperating," says Mr. C—— with a laugh.

"You were a big winner at one time. You should have cashed in," said Mr. Huff, who has a lively memory for mythical winnings.

By this time the young men are in a long parlor. They give their coats to the colored waiter, look over the illustrated papers on the centre tables, greet a second official keeper of the tiger who has been taking a nap on a sofa, and glance about them. In the front room is a library table, a rack for hats and coats, a writing-desk, and a handsome piece of Venetian furniture loaded with costly bric-a-brac. Through the second room they see the large supper table being set for the guests or victims of the tiger.

"Now, what will you have?" says Mr. Huff.

"Cigars, Richard," says his partner.

"All right, I'll take a cigar," says Junior. "I don't care for anything to drink."

"Ditto," adds Mr. C——.

"Well, Huff, since we did not come to flirt with you, suppose we go upstairs and see what kind of luck we will have with the tiger," laughingly says Raingold.

"All right, Mr. R——." Mr. Huff never invites any one to go upstairs. It is a little way he has. Those who wish to see the tiger spin always request that pleasure.

They ascend the front stairs, and a colored boy, without a word, runs swiftly up the back stairs and touches a button. At once electric lights flash in the lair, and when Huff opens the cage door the lights shine as though they had been shining all the evening.

Raingold pulls out a chair from beneath the table of the roulette wheel, lights a fresh cigar, and passes over fifty dollars, saying: "Five stacks, Huff; when these are gone, I go."

"That is what you always say," laughs Huff, passing over five stacks of twenty ivory checks. "Is that your limit? Say so, and I will hold you to it."

"Go ahead; give it a spin."

Mr. C—— sits at the end with bank notes in his hand, placing them at the ends of columns and on the colors.

"Won't you have checks, Mr. C——?" inquires Mr. Huff, lighting a cigar, as the tiny ivory ball spins along the groove in the perfectly balanced wooden wheel.

"No; I'll play these," answers Mr. C——, feeling that money changed into chips seems to lose value.

"32, red, second column," announces Mr. Huff, and adds: "Nobody on it." He takes Raingold's chips and C——'s money.

And now is the tiger at work.

Since there are many thousands who have often heard of the world-famous game of roulette as played in Baden-Baden and Monte Carlo, in New Orleans and other American cities, it may not be amiss to glance over Raingold's shoulder as he sits wasting his money endeavoring to flirt with Dame Fortune, and see what manner of thing is this fascinating game of chance. This particular table is a double-ender—that is, on each side of the wheel is a similar design, thereby enabling players at both ends to place their stakes to be decided by one spin of the ball. This design is neatly, and with great finish, painted on a green smooth cloth which covers the entire table. We observe that down the centre of the table, extending from the wheel toward the end, are three parallel columns of gilt figures on round discs, alternately black and red; they are placed in the centre of squares formed by the intersection of white lines on the green cloth. Further, we note that the longitudinal lines forming the columns are crossed by latitudinal lines forming the rows, which make—there being three

columns and twelve rows—thirty-six squares, numbered from 1 to 36, as described by gilt figures on round discs, alternately black and red. The figures on all boards are universally the same so far as color and arrangement are concerned. When arranged as columns we discover—

1, 4, 7, 10, 13, 16, 19, 22, 25, 28, 31, 34 to be in the first column.

2, 5, 8, 11, 14, 17, 20, 23, 26, 29, 32, 35 to be in the second column.

3, 6, 9, 12, 15, 18, 21, 24, 27, 30, 33, 36 to be in the third column.

When arranged as to color we find

1, 3, 5, 7, 9, 12, 14, 16, 18, 19, 21, 23, 25, 27, 30, 32, 34, 36 to be red.

2, 4, 6, 8, 10, 11, 13, 15, 17, 20, 22, 24, 26, 28, 29, 31, 33, 35 to be black.

A quarter section of the board would be as follows:

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 1 | 2 | 3 |
| 4 | 5 | 6 |
| 7 | 8 | 9 |

By comparing the above figures we would see that 2, 4, 6, and 8 are black, and 1, 3, 5, 7, and 9 are red.

At the end of the board, between the row 1 2 3 and the wheel, is a section divided into equal parts. Here the colored disc is green, and upon them are the letters O and O O. At Monaco and elsewhere in Europe there is but one O. The significance of this will be shown later.

On both sides of the figures the white line is painted on the green cloth, and each is divided in three sections. In the two centre sections are diamond-shaped designs—one black, the other red. To one side of red the section is marked 1 to 18, to the other side ODD; to one side of black the section is marked 19 to 36, and the other EVEN. At the foot or end of the figures are three unmarked squares where players place their stakes on the columns, and to each side of these squares three sections are marked, 1st doz., 2nd and 3rd doz.

The wheel in the centre is cleverly poised on a pivot, upon which it can be made to revolve with great rapidity. It is set in a circular frame or form sloping toward the wheel, at the top of which is a groove. On the edge of the wheel are thirty-eight cups or loges; two are painted green and are marked O and O O; these are directly opposite each other, or separated by the thirty-six numbers, eighteen to each side;

these numbers correspond in figures and colors to those on the board as described.

The croupier or dealer sharply spins a small ivory ball in the groove of the frame and twirls the wheel in the opposite direction; finally the ball falls into a cup, and the wager is decided as to number, color, column, odd or even, dozen, or however the player may have placed his stake.

The game is mathematically arranged so far as payments and chances are concerned. A player puts one chip on a number and if that number wins he keeps that check and receives thirty-five as a winner; if he places it on the white line he covers two numbers and wins seventeen; if where two lines cross he covers four numbers, and is paid eight should one of the four numbers win. To prove this, cover the thirty-six numbers with a check on every number. One number wins. He loses thirty-five checks and is paid thirty-five checks. But we find the O and O O—if either of these should turn up, the player loses all he has put down. Should he cover these as well, he would put down thirty-eight checks, save one, and win thirty-five, thereby losing two checks. This is the percentage of the dealer or bank, or about five per cent. In whatever way a bet is made this five per cent. stands unshaken, and is sure to win in continuous play. At Monte Carlo, there being but one O, the percentage is just one-half.

And now we find this hopeful youngster, Raingold, Junior, backing his luck against the bank's percentage, forgetting that luck runs against a player as well as with him.

"I don't seem to strike them, Huff," remarks Raingold, Junior, putting his last chips down on the table. He places two chips on No. 14, one of the four reds in the centre column, and two on the line between 11 and 14, two between 13 and 14, two between 14 and 15, and two between 14 and 17, mentally calculating that if any of the numbers so covered, except 14, should win, he would get thirty-four checks, and should 14 win, he would get 206 checks. As the ball spins he says: "There has not been a centre column red turned up since the first roll, and not one of the 2nd dozen."

"That is true," says Huff, and adds: "It may turn up this time or not again to-night. You are not in luck, Mr. R——."

"Cash these," says Mr. C——, pushing in three stacks of chips. "I am going to try the bank." He rises, taking his winnings, and crosses over to the faro table.

"O O," says Huff, raking in Raingold's checks. "It is the first time you weren't there," he adds.

Raingold, Junior, throws away his cigar and takes another.

"Give me a brandy and soda," he says. Huff puts the small ivory ball in its place on the wheel and talks of losses made on backing horses on the race-track.

At the present moment Junior's mind is so occupied with a thought concerning the mischievous 14 and the 2nd dozen, that he pays no attention to Mr. Huff's tale of unfortunate bets on horses. Mr. Huff knows what is passing through Junior's mind as well as though it were painted on the green cloth in large letters.

"Give me fifty more," he says, passing in five crisp bills. C—— at the faro table, mindful of his despised admonition to Raingold to leave half of his money in safety at the club, calls over: "There you are, old man; did I not say so? Try your hand here."

"This suits me better; it is quicker," says Raingold.

With five stacks of chips in his hands Junior feels better. Somewhere down in the depths of all natures there lurks a spirit which seeks control; a man at play calls this mania of play "pluck," "sand," and other names, but it is nothing but the spirit of gambling. The player has it, not the banker: all he wants is time and his five per cent. "I shall make five bets, a stack each time, starring the 14," he says, placing his checks as before, doubling each wager. Again the ivory ball spins and he waits.

"14, red," says Huff.

"Ah, ha. I thought they would come." The whole tone of his voice changes, his face lights up, and he calls to his companion: "I have struck it this time."

"Well, I should say so," says Huff. "One hundred and forty flat, or seven stacks"—he passes over the the ivory chips from his rack—"sixteen times 17 on the sides, or two hundred and seventy-two chips. I tell you what, Mr. R——, the game you play gets you even quick—you're a plunger."

Junior counts his checks. Besides his stakes he finds he has won three hundred and thirty-two checks, each worth fifty cents. He leaves his bet where it lay, not caring whether it wins or loses.

"Repeater!" says Huff. The same number has won again. And again he passes over a winning of four hundred and twelve checks. "I will give you two stacks of reds and twelve whites; the reds are five dollars each—one hundred dollars a stack—or two hundred white checks."

"Now give me a hundred in cash," says Junior, passing in a stack of reds. "I'll keep that in my clothes."

"Come, cash up and trot," says C——. "I am busted—it is late, and I am going."

"Oh, no," replies Junior. "I am three hundred and fifty in, and I am in luck. I am going to win five hundred. Don't wait."

C—— leaves him. As he goes out Junior says: "I am glad he has gone. It annoys me to have a friend around when I am playing."

Raingold, Junior, keeps on. Luck moves his hand to winning numbers. Two men enter. They are older men; club-men evidently, and all the worse for wine. They sit beside him and talk loudly. He finds he cannot make his bets as he wishes, as they stretch over the table and interfere. He discovers after the ball has fallen that certain numbers he has been playing have escaped his attention. Noticing his annoyance, Huff says: "Won't you play at the other end, Mr. R——?"

The other players, noting his discomfort, say they will make the change, and beg him not to move. They walk to the other end, laughing, chaffing, and talking, growing quieter as they see their chips grow less.

"They have brought me bad luck," mutters Raingold. He loses his checks; he buys more checks; they go quickly. Money has lost its value. His bets each time cost him thirty to fifty dollars. The spirit of play rollics in his blood; it flushes his face and darkens it; his nerves are high pitched. He takes off his coat and sits in his shirt sleeves. Now a winning or two encourages him, but he feels he must win successively to win successfully. At it he keeps, and time and percentage are having their harvest. At last his money and his chips are gone.

"Give me a hundred and put up a marker," he says.

Huff smiles at him. "You asked me to hold you at fifty, and you have lost a hundred," he says.

"Am I good for a hundred?" he asks in a surly sort of a way.

"For anything you want; but you asked me to hold you. Try it some other night."

"Give me five stacks—no; ten stacks—put up two markers."

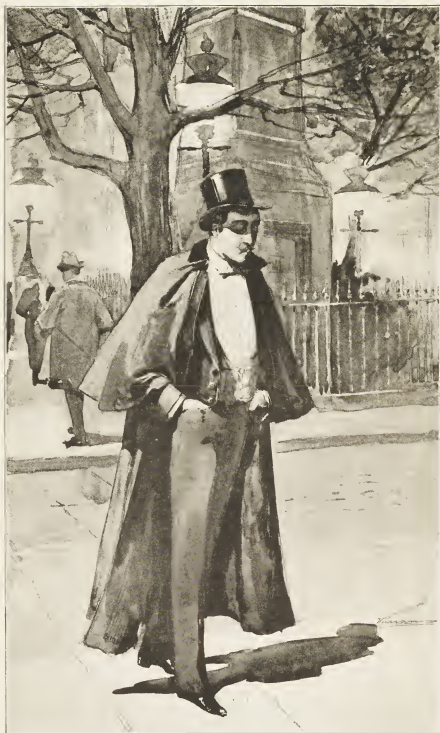
"What limit? Fix a limit," says Huff.

"A thousand: no more."

"All right. If you get there I will stop you, Mr. R——."

"Go ahead; don't talk so much. Spin."

And so the banker, polite, always polite; the player, reckless and discourteous, always discourteous, watch the ball spinning, spinning, spinning; spinning the poor man's coat.



“If I had only—I should have—I am an ass—how in the deuce shall I make my account good to meet those accursed checks?—what a confounded idiot I am!” (See page 75.)

Junior has trod the path of those who have flirted with the tiger, and he has felt the tiger's teeth in the region of his pocket. He now assumes an air of indifference; he follows Huff into another room, where a library table with writing materials upon it is always ready for the victim to record his adventure with the tiger. As he writes two checks for five hundred each, Huff says: "Well, now, Mr. R——, you should have cashed in when you were five hundred ahead."

"Five hundred grandmothers," says Junior, thinking of five hundred asses with heads like his own. Handing the checks to Huff, he says: "Deposit this one to-morrow; hold this one until Saturday."

"All right, Mr. R——. Won't you have some supper?"

As he puts on his coat on the floor below, he declines a second invitation to supper and goes into the street. He walks up the Avenue, passes the Worth monument, with both hands in his breeches pockets, his overcoat thrown wide open, and his silk hat pushed back on his head. His soliloquy, though not like Hamlet's, is better known to the young men of fashion. It is quite as mad and quite as melancholy. It begins with "If I had only—I should have—I am an ass—how in the deuce shall I make my account good to meet those accursed checks?—what a confounded idiot I am!"

Dear young calf, some very estimable citizens, now sere and sage, did, when they were juvenile farmers, engage in sowing a goodly crop of wild oats—precisely what you have been doing; and, further, they pursued a train of thought identical with yours. Your road and that of Gentleman Tom's run side by side. You have your Delmonico's, Brunswick, concert halls, and gambling houses; he has his coffee-and-cake places, dime museums, and pool rooms. You are smooth, polished, veneered; he is rough, unpolished, and coarse. You have friends and influences; he has neither. Circumstances favor you; they are against him; but you are both good or evil as your natures may be virtuous or vicious. The only difference between you is the difference of station.

CHAPTER XIII.

IN WHICH THE ROAD PASSES THE OLD UNIVERSITY BUILDING
ON WASHINGTON SQUARE.

RAINGOLD, JUNIOR, the morning after his adventure with the tiger, awoke troubled and perplexed. He did not mind the loss of money half as much as the mortification attending his inability to settle his obligations promptly. His father gave him a liberal allowance, and his salary at the office added to it gave him a handsome income, but, at this time, he had a small balance at the bank wholly inadequate to his immediate wants, to say nothing of his loss at roulette. He wondered what he should do. He dared not ask his father, and a thousand dollars was too much to borrow. Thinking over various ways and means as he dressed himself, he finally decided, as he always did when in hot water, to consult his sister.

Mary Raingold knew when her brother came into her room—for that young lady always had breakfast sent up to her—that Frederic was in trouble. "I want to talk to you, Mary," he said, approaching her bed. "Send your Diana away, will you?" He sat on the edge of the bed. As Diana closed the door, Mary said gently, putting her fair hand on his: "In trouble, Freddy?"

"Yes, dear, I am in hot water again. I say, Mary, have you got any money? I need some awfully."

"I have got some—not much," she said. "How much do you want?"

"Never mind; how much have you got?" he said anxiously.

"About twenty in my desk; will that do?" she asked. And, feeling it was not sufficient, she added: "A little over a hundred in the bank."

"Good gracious! Is that all you have?"

"How much do you need?"

"A thousand."

"Oh! Freddy, you have been gambling again. What a foolish boy!"

"Now don't preach, sister; I am in a hole." And Junior then told his sister everything. She was much distressed.

After a brief consultation she said: "My allowance will come in a few days. I will have five hundred next week. Ask father to lend it to you for a few weeks. You can take my allowance, and, with yours, you can pay him back." And she sits up, thinking what could be done.

"No; the Governor will ask me questions which I don't intend to answer. Do you think I can tell him what I tell you? By jimminy, how he would swear! As to my allowance, that is mortgaged already."

"Well, then, I will get father to give me my allowance now. I will get it this morning and send you a check as soon as I can deposit it. You can pay one check. Why don't you ask them to wait for the other?"

"I have not got the brass to do it," he replied. "I prefer to pay it somehow." His face became a brown study; he was only a callow youth after all. Mary's face was very grave. Finally an idea came to her. She said: "Fred, I cannot advise you what is best to do. Don't you know some older man in whom you can trust, and take his advice? You may do something foolish—something which will make things unnecessarily bad; take the advice of an older man—a man of the world."

"I don't know anybody," Junior said, shaking his head. When he was in trouble he relied upon Mary for counsel.

"Go and see Mr. Cecil."

"Cecil? After the way he cut me the other night? By jimminy crimps, that would be fine." And Junior laughed.

"Go to him. Say I sent you. He is a good fellow; he will keep your confidence and give you the best advice," she said quietly, and added: "I am sure he will understand you in this, as he understands you and your airs. Go to him."

"I don't want advice—I want money. I could not borrow it of him," he said sharply.

"Fred, you always come to me for advice. My advice is, go to Mr. Cecil. If you do, I will give you the money as soon as I get it." Then she added quickly, as he gazed at her in wonder and alarm: "Oh, no, dear; you are wrong. If you do not go you shall have it."

"Am I to visit a brother-in-law, Mary?" he said gently. "Is that it, Mary?"

"No, sir; no," she said warmly. "He is a friend I admire and respect." Mary's cheeks blazed.

"And love?"

"Fred, how can you tease me so? I hate you when you are so disagreeable. Will you go?"

"Yes, I will go to your admired and respected friend. He will say: 'I like your cheek, young man; you have a grand, well-developed nerve to cut me one night and ask my advice the next.' Then he will look through me like a window, and tell me I need washing like a dirty pane of glass, or something of that sort. But I'll go for your sake."

It was a straw. Junior was sinking and he clutched it. Other men have swallowed the leek before.

Late that afternoon Frederic Raingold called at Mr. Alfred Cecil's bachelor apartments in the dreary, picturesque old University Building, on East Washington square. Many of the old schoolrooms had been leased to bachelors, for the university had steadily, through long years, lost its place in the front rank of educational institutions, and had little need of the immense building. Junior was surprised to find Cecil's chambers a suite of handsome square rooms, with high ceilings, beautifully and artistically furnished. Pictures by the first painters of the English, Spanish and French schools were upon the walls, heavy Turkish rugs covered the painted floors, grand pieces of Dutch and Venetian carved furniture, loaded with art treasures, added an air of comfort and luxury. He had expected to find a bare, cheaply furnished apartment, and instead was ushered into rooms of magnificent proportions, upon which large sums of money must have been expended by the owner.

Junior gave his card to a manservant, and was summoned into the study. At a great desk in the centre of a room, with walls lined with books, sat Alfred Cecil. He wore a loose, heavy silk shirt, a great pair of loose, grey colored velveteen trousers, and a dark blue velvet smoking coat. Junior felt like laughing. He had never seen so strange a costume. Cecil looked up from his desk. He said nothing.

"I called, Mr. Cecil—no doubt you are surprised; to er—to er—see you," stammered Junior, much embarrassed.

"So I should imagine, young man."

The "young man" cut deep. "However," he continued hesitatingly, "I am in a hole, to be brief and frank, and sister said I had better see you. You see, sister thinks you are a man of the world and that I need advice. So I promised sister I would call. Strange, is it not?" And Junior laughed in a nervous sort of way.

"Miss Raingold," said Mr. Cecil slowly and gravely, "compliments me by sending her brother to me for advice. From superficial observations I should say that if it be Miss Raingold's opinion that her brother needs advice, I concur

with it. How far my advice by reason of being a man of the world may extend, I am doubtful. Still, sir, I am at your service, and I will give you the best advice my ability will afford. James, shut the door. I am engaged. Now, sir, describe the hole into which you have fallen, and let us consider how the lamb, who has evidently gone astray, may be allowed the privilege of skipping once more in the pastures. Have a cigar?"

Junior then related his exploits, his embarrassment, his sister's generosity, and his mortification. He concluded by saying: "Now, the absurd part of it all is, here I am telling you about it. I do it to oblige Mary."

"My young friend," said Cecil, "it is a good thing for you that you have a sister as wise, as good. Evidently she was as much distressed as you, or she would have preferred to keep this a secret. You lose money, you give checks, you try to borrow the money to pay these checks, to keep your credit good with the gamblers. Hush; hear me out. To do this you would deprive yourself of many things, and you deprive your sister of such things as she would purchase with her allowance. There is no sin in spending money at the gambling table any more than in other ways. Everything is a matter of taste. Money can be used rightly and wrongly. Gambling is not the only way to misuse money. It is the same way about debt. There is an allowable way to get into debt; there is also a wrong way. It is wrong to get into debt with gamblers. They give you a chance—it is a small one, to be sure; but it is a chance, nevertheless—to win their money. It is worse, in my judgment, to get into debt with your sister and others in order to pay gambling debts than it is to be in debt with the gamblers."

"A gambling debt is a matter of honor," says Raingold, Junior.

"Who says so?"

"Society."

"What does society say about paying the washerwoman, the grocer, the fishman? Are those declared to be debts of honor?" asks Cecil gravely.

"No; they are different."

"Yes; they are. These small people give their labor and goods in exchange. Society preaches many false doctrines, and this one of distinction between debts is one of them."

"But you don't understand society, Mr. Cecil; fashionable society, I mean."

"No? Why not?"

"You mean a bigger society than I mean," said the young man confusedly. "When I speak of society, I mean the fashionable New Yorkers. Of course, I know you are invited everywhere; but if you belonged here—been born in New York, or had people here—don't you think you would look at it the way I do?"

"Let me see," said Cecil, straddling the chair of his desk and folding his arms across the back. "My great-great-grandfather was a soldier of this State, who served as aid to General Washington; my great-grandfather was the first Governor of the State of New York; my grandfather served in the war of 1812. What were yours?"

Cecil smiled, because he had spoken with feeling. "But to come back to your situation. Place this matter entirely in my hands. I will arrange it so that you will have no trouble, and with honor to yourself. I am sorry you took your sister's money. It will be unnecessary for me to say that gambling is rank folly. You will learn that in time. We all do. Leave this to me. Sometime I will tell you something about gamblers and gambling if you desire it." And Cecil rose from his chair.

"Well, how will you fix it?"

"Leave it to me. I will think it over. Give my regards to Miss Raingold, and say I thank her for the privilege of being of service to her. Come, now, think no more about it; leave roulette alone, and come and see me. I will have your check on Saturday. It won't go to your bank, and you won't be compromised.

And Junior, feeling like a schoolboy, left Cecil at his desk.





“ ‘ Let me see,’ said Cecil, straddling the chair of his desk and folding his arms across the back. ‘ My great-great-grandfather was a soldier of this State, who served as aid to General Washington ; my great-grandfather was the first Governor of the State of New York ; my grandfather served in the war of 1812. What were yours ? ’ ” (See page 80.)



CHAPTER XIV.

IN WHICH GENTLEMAN TOM FINDS HIMSELF IN THE PRESENCE
OF RECORDER SMYTH.

TO-DAY Gentleman Tom rides over the Municipal Boulevard. To-day, he who has ridden through the city either standing on the steps of a horse car while the conductor was inside collecting his fares, or seated—making a backward progress—on the tailboard of an unloaded truck, is rattled over the streets in the Municipal carriage, a guest of the City, County, and State of New York. From his early days of toddling childhood this carriage had been an object of deep and grave curiosity. It was the only equipage which could share with one of Barnum's wagons that feeling of mingled awe and wonder with which youngsters regard the brilliant, gilt lettered panels of the showman's vans. One contained the criminal, the other the lion; and each the destroyer of man and man's property. Both to the childish mind were equally fearful. One of the first names he could remember was that of the prison van—Black Maria; and to-day, as he sits on his way to the Court of General Sessions, he thinks of his feelings as a child when he had seen it jolting along between courthouse and prison.

Yes, Gentleman Tom has taken his place in the procession; he is to pass into the temple of the People of the City, County, and State of New York, where the goddess Justice is enthroned, with a statute book in one hand and a pair of handcuffs in the other. The Black Maria rolls up to the curb in

front of a mean looking brown stone building on Chambers street; it wheels, backs up after the fashion of a coal cart; the driver steps down from his seat, carefully blankets his horses, and stands at the door. A small crowd congregates. These people, the drift of the streets, stand looking at the iron-bound door; stand looking at the brown building. These people are always looking; their entire occupation in this busy, bustling world of laughter and tears seems to be looking; looking at the illustrated newspapers on the newsdealer's stand; looking at a man who has been run over; looking at a fire; looking at a safe being hoisted or lowered from street to tenth story; looking at any thing from a boy on roller skates to a woman in a crinoline. And as they look they see the door of the van open. Men step out with gyves upon their wrists, and with them Gentleman Tom, with his round hat tilted and pressed down on his forehead. Other men in civilian's clothes, wearing shields under their coats—the what-nots in high court and low court—step up to them and hurry them in to the prisoners' pens at the back of the court-rooms in the brown stone building.

The court-room is filled to overflowing. It is always filled to overflowing. There are men who have been summoned on jury duty, who look at their watches and wonder if they will be excused for the day; there are friends of prisoners to be sentenced this morning; there are relatives of men and women who may be tried this morning, and among them, with a tear-stained face, sits Tom's mother; there are witnesses, lawyers, and there are more of those who are looking, looking at the drama of life in the real theatre on the Road of the Rough. The clerk sits reading his newspaper, the jurors sit reading their newspapers, the reporters to the left of the judge's bench sit discussing their chiefs in the manufacturing establishments for which they toil, or in pointing out their own contributions of wit and wisdom.

Suddenly a side door opens, the learned clerk of the high priest of Justice raps the table smartly with a gavel, and cries "Hats off in court!" There is a sudden removal of head-gear and the high priest of Justice enters, ascends the platform, seats himself at the long desk, nods to a reporter or two of his acquaintance, to the clerk, to the Assistant District Attorney, and proceeds to cut cigars into small lengths for "dry smokes," as refreshment during the long smokeless day. Up to the desk steps a lawyer, the Assistant District Attorney, and a clerk. All eyes watch the actors in this seemingly important conference. Then the prisoners who have been tried and found guilty are sentenced—to peni-

tentiary, reformatory, and State Prison; then, in turn, come those who are to plead "Guilty" or "Not Guilty" to the indictments of the Grand Jury.

"Call the Calendar!" says His Honor Recorder Smyth.

The case of the People against several individuals is called. Each time the prisoner's counsel responds "Ready!" but the Assistant District Attorney states that witnesses can not be found, etc., and the People are not ready. Then the stern face of the Recorder shows a slight trace of anger, and he proceeds to express his indignation in no measured terms. He wishes the District Attorney to understand that time to the Court and to the jury has value, that prisoners have the right to be speedily tried, that it is an injustice to prisoners to hold them untried, to punish the innocent by confining them in the City Prison untried, and so on. The young assistant of the District Attorney nervously fumbles over his papers, selects one packet, consults an assistant, and informs the Court that the People are ready in the case of the People *vs.* Tom McCarty.

"Ready!" responds the prisoner's counsel.

And now, with beating heart and a tight feeling in his throat, Tom McCarty—"Gentleman Tom"—comes out of the prisoners' pen and takes a seat beside his counsel. His clothes, never new, looked uncommonly old, uncommonly shiny, and uncommonly creased. His prison cell had not improved them and had added to them a faded odor of carbolic and other disinfectants. His mother sat beside him bidding him be cheerful; and Mabel—"too young for sweet-heart, let alone wife"—sat behind them folding and clasping her hands.

"D'ye t'ink," says Tom to his red-faced counsel, "dat dey'll make me innercent?" He looks at the jurors, who have now all been called.

"No counting on a jury. You never can tell what they will do. You are better off than you were. You might have been tried for stealing the watch," replies his counsel, busily turning over papers which Tom uneasily sees do not concern his case.

"I didn't take 'is clock," says Tom. "Dere wuz not'in' to convict me on to dat."

"Never saw a man who stole a watch in all my life," answers his counsel.

The Assistant District Attorney brilliantly set before the jury the case of the People. It was truly wonderful to hear how a certain Tom McCarty, better known in the dangerous

Sixth Ward by his alias, "Gentleman Tom," had outraged the majesty of the sovereign People of the State of New York. "This man, we will show you, wandered far away from his quarter—from his ward—a ward in which he was the member of a band of young desperadoes, whose chief business in life seems to be to live without work and to insult and assault the good and virtuous citizens who live in this city. For what purpose? What was he doing at six o'clock in the evening at Thirty-second street and Fourth avenue? Certainly, he was not visiting friends, and he had no occupation in that vicinity. Have we not all seen young men of his age and general make-up at all times of night, and particularly as business men return home, soliciting alms—money—money that they have not the manhood to earn. We will show you that one of our wealthiest citizens was passing that point. That this young man struck him a savage blow; that the mark of the blow is still on the citizen's forehead. Had the blow so savagely struck cracked the victim's skull, you would be here, not to try a case of felonious assault, but a case of murder." After a moment's pause he called, "Frederic Raingold!"

Mr. Frederic Raingold rose from his seat at the back of the room and came forward. He was, as usual, well dressed. What a crushing contrast to poor Tom, who sat nervously spreading the fingers of one hand which he traced with the index finger of the other! Raingold took his seat in the witness chair, bowing to the Recorder, swore to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. The jurors had often heard of this great magnate and their eyes plainly showed—they being men in humble circumstances—that they were ready to worship the golden god now set up before them.

Frederic Raingold stated that on a certain evening he had passed the corner of Thirty-second street and Fourth avenue, much occupied in thought. (Railroads, bonds, etc., of course, thought the jury.) Suddenly he was jostled, he stretched out his hand instinctively, and was then struck twice. The first blow knocked off his hat; the second struck him on the forehead. He fell. When he arose blood was streaming from a wound. He went to a drug store: thence home.

"Your witness," said the District Attorney.

Mr. Raingold crossed his leg. He had a recollection of a certain cross-examination which was, not wholly agreeable. Gentleman Tom's counsel arose. Diamonds flashed in his broad shirt front and on his huge knuckles. He smiled a broad, circling smile, which seemed to ripple away from his

big mouth until lost in the region of his voluminous jowl. While the smile lasted he turned it toward the jury, toward the reporters busily engaged in describing Mr. Raingold's appearance and attire, and toward the Recorder, and finally toward the witness.

"You are a man of good memory, Mr. Raingold?" counsel asked, giving a twitch to his collar as though his great red neck with its swelling veins required more room.

"I am."

"Your memory is to be relied upon, as a rule?"

"As a rule," answered Mr. Raingold, in a moderately low voice.

"Speak so the jurors can hear you, if you please. Thanks. These gentlemen don't always have the pleasure of hearing our Wall Street kings talk, you know." The counsel's face was lost in waves of smiles.

"Did you not call the prisoner 'a thief'?"

"No, sir."

"Are you sure?"

"Quite sure."

"Did you not think you had lost your watch at that time?"

"No, sir. I did not miss it until afterwards. I was confused by the blow or by the excitement, and did not think of the watch."

"Did the prisoner speak to you?"

"He might have; if so, I did not hear him. I felt some one push against me; I stepped to one side. He struck me and I fell."

"That will do, Mr. Raingold."

Policeman Hallihan testified that he had made the arrest and that his prisoner had told him he had struck the man for calling him a thief.

"Tom McCarty!"

Gentleman Tom stepped into the witness box. All eyes were upon him. The stern-faced judge sat at his right, the reporters at a table and the jury to his left, and in front the District Attorney, his counsel, and the distressed face of his mother. Mabel's eyes rested on the calm, iron face of Mr. Raingold. Tom felt that his word—the word of a poor nameless boy—was to be set against that of a powerful man. He saw the jury were in sympathy with the magnate.

Tom admitted that he had struck Mr. Raingold. Mr. Raingold had seized him in passing and had called him a thief. And then he added in an under tone, as though talking to

himself: "I don't kind o' t'ink dat he has de right to call me a teef for notin'."

After the District Attorney had addressed the jury in behalf of the People of the City, County, and State of New York, Tom's counsel launched forth in his behalf a mighty wave of eloquence. It flooded the jury, the Judge, and the delegates of the looking-on contingent; it splashed up against the benches, it dashed against the wall, and it filled the place with noise. At first Tom was impressed; then he wondered what "Cæsar's wife above suspicion" had to do with striking Mr. Raingold; then he seemed to be carried and tossed, twisted and turned around the room, and finally every thought was centred on the swelling veins, the reddening face, and he lost himself wondering whether lobsters in the boiling felt as his lawyer did as he grew hotter and hotter. He heard his bulwark of defense, his only hope between liberty and prison, cry out: "Shall it be said of you, gentlemen, that the word of a rich man is more weighty than that of a poor, but honest lad? The learned counsel for the People has shown no cause for this assault. The boy says Mr. Raingold called him a thief. Would you allow any man to call you a thief and not strike him down? No!" And then there was a pause and the wave of sound surged back. "We have heard Mr. Raingold say that at the time of this lamentable affair he was lost in thought. That we can understand, although we do not think of millions and millions. He is jostled. Who is not jostled? What do we know of Mr. Raingold's thoughts? Suppose, broken suddenly from his reverie, he utters a thought in his mind connected, perhaps, with some great enterprise, and that thought is about theft. Would he not cry 'thief'?" Now the wave is swelling. Tom listens amazed. "We learn he has mislaid his watch; has not worn it that day. He is jostled, misses his watch, and cries out 'thief!' Put yourself in the boy's place: would you not strike the man who cries 'thief!' at you? The witness has said he did not cry 'thief!' He may have done so and forgotten it." And the waves rose and fell, and poor Tom felt he was drowning.

And then His Honor recited the evidence to the effect that if the jury found that if six and six, on one hand, made twelve, then it must find for the prisoner—for acquittal; but if, on the other hand, it found that half-a-dozen and half-a-dozen made twelve, then it must find against the prisoner—for conviction. The case was then given to the jury.

Poor Tom watched the jurors file out of the room. He hoped, faintly hoped, that a few, if not all, of them would

believe the blow had been struck by a man outraged in being called a thief, and not by a ruffian. Still he had always seen the strong crush the weak, and he fortified himself to hear the worst. He sat by his mother and Mabel, anxiously waiting the verdict. As he glanced about him he saw that Mr. Raingold was no longer in court.

It was to determine whether Mr. Raingold did or did not call the boy a thief, and whether the blow had been struck in self-defense or for some reason best known to the prisoner. After a few minutes the jury of twelve gold worshipers returned, having found the prisoner guilty of felonious assault.

"Wal, mudder, dem twelve ain't as wise as de twelve apostles, an' dere's no use buckin' agin fate. Dere's no use in weepin', mudder; de sooner I wuz in de sooner I wuz out. Come, now, what's de use o' kickin' aginst de wall o' de well 'cause you'se at de bottom o' it. I'll do me time like a man." As Tom spoke his eyes filled with tears. He was then taken back to "the Tombs" to await his sentence.

And Tom's mother and Mabel went their dreary way. Tom's mother was bewildered. She believed, indeed, the iron hand of relentless Fate had again, through the same instrument, stricken her down.

CHAPTER XV.

IN WHICH COMRADE COMES TO CONCLUSIONS MUCH TO THE SURPRISE OF A FELLOW-TRAVELLER.

How little one man or woman knows another! Still, in spite of the injunction, "Judge not," we do form our judgments. Think you, good sir or lady fair, when in the humor of it, you say of your neighbor, she is so and so and he is this and thus, your judgment is worth utterance? You do? Then write "Simpleton" to your name.

How well do you know yourself? What is the scope of your undeveloped, dormant possibilities? What pressure will break the bonds that hold you as you are and set free the good and evil springs of action? How far have you been tried? How long have you lived without consciousness of change within you? Having looked backward, have you faith in yourself in looking forward—forward into the future

with its multiplicity of cares, trials, affections, sorrows, fortunes, good and bad, which change us as chemicals change one another? If you, good sir and lady fair, know how you would be whatever the future might bring you, hasten to an asylum, for you are not safe outside of it.

If, however, you have the consciousness of changes within yourself, you must allow changes in others; if you recognize the possibilities in yourself and in others, your prayer is "Lead us not into temptation"; if you do not know how you would act if all the world was different to you than it now seems, how do you know how your neighbor acts with whom the world has changed in some respects since a day or an hour before you sat yourself down in judgment? Are you so shallow that the lead quickly falls to the bottom, and is your neighbor as shallow as yourself? Or are you deeper and more complex; or is he deeper and more complex than you? Since you cannot find the scope of your own nature, how can you sit in judgment on that of another?

Do you judge man or woman by deeds? If so, judge the size of a field of clover by a leaf. No, gentle sir and lady fair, the man or woman who can measure the soul of his neighbor can count all God's worlds with the naked eye. If there was no change, there never would have been virtue and vice, good and evil, beauty and hideousness, harmony and discord, health and disease, and religion—the physic of the soul.

A certain young woman we have seen, moved by a kind and tender impulse to relieve the necessities of a broken, dying human creature, visited a tenement, and there for several days came in contact with another young woman by the name of Mary Raingold. The lives of these two young women had been different, were different, and would ever be different. And she who knew of the difference thought much concerning certain matters, and she became mentally restless.

This afternoon Comrade stands at the window. Her large eyes, veiled with drooping lids, are not attracted by passing objects. For a while she has stood there and moved away, only to return. Backward and forward through the elegantly furnished rooms she has walked; now stopping to break the sputtering lump of coal; now lifting a book from a massive carved table loaded with rich objects of art, to restore it to its place on shelves resplendent with the fine bindings of superb editions of standard books; now seating herself at the piano; now rising to pass out of the boudoir into her bedroom, with its dainty hangings of lace and all its thousand and one lux-



"This afternoon Comrade stands at the window. Her large eyes, veiled with drooping lids, are not attracted by passing objects." (See page 88.)

uries, to brush her hair before the mirror. Nothing seems to rest her. All that wealth can buy to furnish the house, nay, to convert it into the most delightful of earthly paradises, has been found in the great establishments of the city, and she, Comrade, walks among her possessions apparently finding little enjoyment in any of them. An idea possesses her—an idea is a monster that devours all things. Finally she turns from the window, touches a bell, and waits. A maid comes. She says in a low, sweet voice: "I will not dine downstairs. I want a very light dinner. I will have it here."

The maid retires.

It is almost nine by the French clock on the mantel. Comrade looks at its face and at the slow, sure moving hands. The heavy tapestries are drawn, the lamps about the room give a soft pleasant light, and the flashing, darting flames from the crackling, sputtering, soft coal fire lighten the polished brasses of the hearth. A great, deep cushioned chair, too heavy and masculine for such an apartment, stands before the fireplace, and beside it a low table set with a silver after-dinner coffee service, dainty cups of delicate china, and a silver covered glass jar containing cigars. Suddenly she with the large eyes with drooping lids hears the front door close. She starts, passes into the hall, looks over the stairs, and calls to a man who is taking off his overcoat: "You are late, Comrade."

"Am I? Not more than ten minutes."

"Fully half an hour, sir." He ascends the stairs, enters the room, and seats himself in the big chair. Frederic Raingold has settled himself for the evening in his accustomed place.

The maid enters with coffee, and the two Comrades chat over many things, about the trial of his assailant this morning, and about matters which do not concern us.

Frederic Raingold is a shrewd observer, and he notes that something is disturbing the mind of Comrade. He waits, for he knows it will come, whatever it may be; so he smokes his cigar and sips his coffee.

Finally, he sets his cup down and says: "By the way, my dear, I was surprised to see that young girl you have added to your household in the court-room this morning. How did she get there?"

"I can not imagine. You surprise me."

After a pause Comrade closed the door. She seated herself, encircling her knees with her arms, clasped her hands, and looked steadily into the fire. On each cheek glowed a tiny

flush. Raingold gave her one quick searching glance, yet said nothing. Finally Comrade looked toward him and said: "I have something I wish to say to you. It has troubled me much all day. May I say it?"

"If you wish," he replied. "But would it not be better to leave it until some other time?" This was the wisdom, not the tenderness of the man. He knew confidences were dangerous; were often the result of nervousness.

"No; now. Mr. Raingold, I am going to leave you," Comrade burst out. It was off her mind—she had made the plunge. It would be easier now to explain. Mr. Raingold looked into the fire and settled himself just a little bit lower in his chair.

"I have been thinking it all over, Comrade"—it was a habit they had these two of calling each other Comrade—"and I have concluded we must part. It is best for you and best for me. I am fully sensible of all you have done for me, but it is all to no purpose. My path is not your path; my way of looking at things is not your way. I am a young woman in years, a young woman in strength, an old woman in experience, an old woman in heart; yet my life is not as it should be, as I would have it. We must part. What do you think?"

Raingold heard every word, weighed every word; still he said nothing. He shaded his eyes from the fire's dancing flames and listened and thought.

"No," Comrade continued; "I have determined to step into a new path, to seek life and life's battles. This way of living is revolting to me. I am not a human being fighting my way; I am a doll in a doll house, a mere toy." She spoke with trembling voice, with increased respiration, with rising and falling bosom. Mr. Raingold said nothing.

"I am not in the world. I have no friends, no acquaintances; my condition will allow of none such as I would have. What are my interests? A brougham, a house, furniture, servants, plenty. Do these fill a woman's mind—her heart? Some, perhaps; not mine. A few days ago I stood at a poor woman's death-bed; she thought me good and I despised myself; I stood by the side of a pure, sweet, lovely young girl who seemed willing to like me, and I felt I must shrink from her. Had I been one of the world's workers, earning my own way, fighting my own battle, living as my own affections—if you will not allow me to say conscience—dictate, I would have felt that whatever my faults might be I was not wholly contemptible. I have finally succeeded in getting an excellent engagement, and to-day I went to the first rehearsal.

When I stepped through the stage door of the Star Theatre onto the pavement, I felt like my old self; the air I breathed was the air of liberty. Well, have you nothing to say?" She stopped and turned to Mr. Raingold.

He had listened to every word. He was accustomed to earnest talkers, he knew how to weigh words; but they were the words of men. He endeavored to read between the lines. He turned his face slowly toward hers, a smile, half cynical, half sad, played about his mouth, and he said slowly:

"My dear, I am old enough to be your father. Tell me; is he young?"

Comrade jumped to her feet. Her hands clenched, her eyes flashed, her lips trembled. For a moment she stood as though about to strike him, as poor Tom had done, or to heap indignation and scorn upon him. She walked into her bedroom and returned; thus she mastered herself. Looking at him she said:

"I suppose, Mr. Raingold, I am exposed to remarks quite as brutal as your question."

"Well, well, Comrade, you are not a fool, I hope. I never knew any one who liked handsome things better than you, who could spend money more freely; in fact, who could bask in the sunlight of wealth more complacently. I thought you might have some intention of turning me in, like an old certificate of stock, for a newer and fresher one; if not, I can't understand your giving up your home for a hall bedroom in a theatrical boarding-house. Affections change, we all know; hence love is a lottery. I can understand your foolish idea if connected with sentiment, not otherwise."

"No, Mr. Raingold; I know you can not. Your view of life is absolute materialism; mine—well, I am a woman. I told you at the start what I wanted. I wanted help; help in my profession. You promised to let me have a company of my own. Instead of that you loaded this house with things of luxury, gave me jewels, carriages, horses, and all such things, when what I needed was a man to give me a stage wardrobe, to help me win a place with the talents I know I possess. For two years," she burst out passionately, "I have struggled with all this, and I can stand it no longer."

"Well, since you have an engagement, you should be satisfied," he said, and added: "Why give up this house?"

"Because I hate it. It is a pleasant place for you to come and smoke in the evening, to amuse yourself; but I hate it. It is a gilded prison."

"Have you ever been more comfortable—happier? Have you ever had half the affection that I have given you?"

Comrade looked at him and laughed. "Now, my dear old Comrade, you are a very good old fellow, but don't call your selfish love of yourself and your pet failings affection for me. You don't know what true love is; you have not the least idea of it. No drug, however powerful, can affect the human body like it. It is magic. Have I been ever happy? God knows I have been happy, and miserable too. I have seen love give to a room the magnificence of a palace and to a chop grilled over a grate fire a deliciousness Delmonico cannot equal with the combined art of his chefs. Perhaps it is because there is no love here," she said, half to herself, "that this lovely house is so dreary. But why talk this way? We understand each other. I am resolved to leave you."

And what said Frederic Raingold then? What did this manipulator of millions say to this fair, trembling, excited woman? How "the boys on 'Change" would have laughed had they seen him, with his strong, upturned face glowing with deep inner emotion, and heard him say: "Why can there be no love here, Comrade? All that there has been in my life has been here—can you not love me?"

She turned swiftly. His voice had a new sound to it. She took both his hands in hers and, stooping over, kissed Tom's mark on his forehead. Softly, with trembling voice, she said:

"No; I can never love you now. My mind is set. We must part. You have your way, I have mine; go your way and let me go mine. You have a daughter; be tender to her; she will need all a father's love. Leave us alone—we are not worth it."

So speaking she fled to her room, and he heard the spring-lock snap. It closed him out—it closed him out forever.

CHAPTER XVI.

IN WHICH THE ROAD LEAVES THE TEMPLE OF JUSTICE AND
WINDS ITS WAY TO THE PRISON.

ONCE more back from "the Tombs"; once more back in the prisoners' pen at the Court of Sessions. Once more Gentleman Tom is to face the high priest of justice; once

more he is to hear how he has outraged the people of the City, County, and State of New York. He rubs his head, wondering how it was that in striking a single man he has apparently dealt a blow to the entire community, from the Governor of the State to the court officer holding the key of the pen. He wonders what his sentence will be, how long his term in prison will be, how many years and months of his young life he must give to the people of the City, County, and State of New York in payment of damages done to the aforesaid people. And then he wonders if it is not all a bad dream; if he is not upset by fever, by drink, or insane. He speaks to the man next to him. The man talks to him. No; it is not a dream. And then he hears the clerk cry "Hats off in court!" and he knows the Recorder is upon the bench. A lump comes up into his throat; he dreads seeing his mother; he dreads the ordeal of standing at the bar to be sentenced. A companion in misery, one who has travelled the road many times, says to him: "Take a brace on yerself; dat bloke's chin is guff; he's kind o' tender, in spite of his cast iron face, to fust 'fenders. He'll be a picter when he gets on to me photograph. It's been there before, an' he ain't furgettin' not in'."

At last Tom hears his name. He is conducted through the long court-room and is placed at the bar. His Honor Recorder Smyth is busily engaged in signing papers, and he does not notice the slim lad, with drooping head, standing at the bar. Every body seems busy; no one seems to notice him; he wonders if he could not walk out of court unnoticed. Glancing about him, he sees his mother holding a very crumpled and soiled looking handkerchief to her eyes; the sight distresses him and he turns away. After a few minutes the Recorder turns to him. He looks at the boy and says:

"Tom McCarty, you have been tried by a jury and found guilty of felonious assault upon a prominent citizen of this city. Without apparent cause you struck him a blow—a blow which might have resulted in death. You are one of many young men in this city who despise honest work; you endeavor to go through life without earning your bread. You are idle, and idleness creates mischief. Instead of putting your energies into work you put them into mischief. I am determined to break up the bands of idle men who stand about the streets insulting the peaceful, law-abiding citizens of this city. The law contemplates the protection of the honest workingman, the peaceful pedestrian. It is the duty of the police and the courts to enforce the law. The gangs of idle

ruffians who menace life and property shall be broken up. You have never learned how to discipline yourself. You have never learned a trade. You have never learned how to labor. It is about time that your education should begin. The sentence of this Court is that you be taken to the State Prison and there confined for two years and eight months at hard labor."

Poor Tom listened. He held the wooden rail firmly, fearing his trembling knees would not hold him; his head drooped and down his cheek a tear ran. As the court officer hurried him back to his pen he heard a cry—it was his mother's.

Hurry! What haste from pen to prison, from prison to railroad train! Hurry, hurry, hurry, sing the wheels of the street cars; hurry, hurry, hurry, shrieks the whistle. All is hurry!

"Two years an' eight months," mutters Tom to himself. He looks across the frozen river, looks at the Palisades, dark and frowning, and wonders how long they have been there. Two years and eight months! He glances about the smoking-car in which he was travelling from the city to Sing Sing, and wonders if it is two years and eight months old. And then he looks out of the window again and sees a great wide crack in the ice. "That won't be here in two years an' eight months," he says to himself reflectively. Two years and eight months! Where will mother be then? How many months are there in two years and eight months? How many weeks? How many hours? And so thinking, and so counting, he silently watches the long, wide river.

Handcuffed to him sits a youngish-looking middle-aged man, who hair is grey and whose bushy whiskers are streaked with white hairs. He finishes his newspaper, folds it carefully, and then tosses it across the car. Turning toward Tom he says: "It is scarcely a pleasant day to travel. Rather gloomy."

Tom, not knowing he is spoken to, lost in his own thoughts, does not reply. The man gives the handcuff a sharp jerk. Tom turns. The man quietly remarks, as he puffs his cigar, "I said it is a rather gloomy day to travel."

Tom shakes his head affirmatively. The man looks at him again and says: "I suppose I may say with a certain degree of confidence that you and I are going to stop at the same hotel."

Tom's eyes opened very wide. Certainly, his companion was taking his ordeal lightly. "Ever stopped there?" asks the man, puffing his cigar.

"No," answers Tom.

"Oh, well, it is not bad. I don't know what kind of a table Brown sets. Brush, you know, gave up the house two or three years ago. I stopped with him twice. But they manage the cuisine about the same. The food is wholesome and there is plenty of it. The coffee is rank. The soup is altogether an acquired taste. Have a cigar?"

"No," says Tom. "Who's dem fellers, Brown an' Brush?"

"B. and B.? Why, my boy, they are appointed by the State to keep the hotel. Brush is out and Brown is in. Brush did his time, Brown's doing his. When Brown is spoken of as a hotel-keeper he is called the Warden; when spoken of as the manager of the flourishing industries, he is called the agent. How long will you stop with him?"

"Two years an' eight months."

"Why, my boy, it is scarcely worth the trip. Two years and eight months! Dear me, you have hardly time enough to make yourself comfortable. Why, I should not think of coming for so short a time."

"How long's you up fur?" asks Tom, looking at his companion with interest.

"Don't say 'up for'; it is very grating on one's nerves, you know. It makes you feel like a convict. I shall stay this time about seven years. I can, if I like, stop for ten. All my affairs have been arranged for me, so that my mind is free for ten years. It is always well to stay some time. You notice the changes when you return to town. City life is so monotonous. First time, eh; what did they accuse you of?"

"F'lonious assault. Wha'd' yuh do?"

"Nothing; victim of circumstances. My handwriting ran into another man's name, and the District Attorney called it forgery. Very clever young man, but without heart, without experience. Undoubtedly thought he was right, and convinced twelve of my fellow-citizens that I needed a change of air. Shocking!"

"Sing Sing!" shouts the brakeman.

Some twenty men and boys step out. They are handcuffed in couples. The train speeds away and the men, formed into line, move down the track toward the prison. Before them rise the high brick walls guarded by sentry towers. In these sentinels stand by day and by night armed with repeating Winchester rifles. Every man selected for this duty is a marksman of proved ability. Unhappy the fate of him who dares to scale these walls! From these towers the approaches

from the outside, as well as the yards inside, are perfectly guarded. A high, narrow building of grey granite looms up above the walls. Its narrow windows, like so many slits, pierce the great, flat stone surfaces. They are barred with steel. Near this building of forbidding appearance are many low buildings of brick and wood, suggestive of factories. As a whole, it resembles a factory town with a prison in its midst.

As they walked along with their guards all the prisoners scrutinized the buildings with curiosity. The prison filled the minds of those who were sent to it for the first time with feelings of despair and horror, but those who had served out their time before, examined the premises to see what changes, if any, had been made. Tom's companion, in a low voice, remarked: "Architecturally, this whole establishment is a disgrace to the State; but, like everything else in this infernal new country, the noble and beautiful are sacrificed to base and sordid utility."

"It looks strong an' sort o' discomfartin'," says Tom.

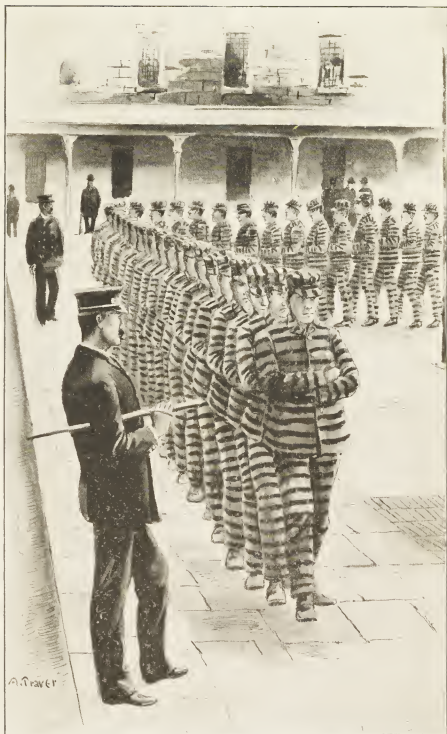
"It is a darned sight stronger than it looks," says his companion with a laugh.

"Keep quiet there, you fellows," shouts the guard.

And they pass through the gate, through the enclosure, and into the prison office. Here their guardians deliver them like so many sacks of wheat at a mill, presenting with them the necessary commitment papers.

One by one, each in his turn stood before the Warden's clerk, who holding the commitment papers in one hand, with the other copied into the prison register the name of the prisoner, his crime, sentence, and name of trial judge. This done, he asked Tom question after question concerning his parentage, place of birth, age, and occupation. Tom noticed that the clerk asked him all these questions in a mechanical sort of way, and he wondered how often these same questions were asked, and if he ever felt sorry for those who, like himself, were to pass behind the iron gate to remain there for years, to remain there perhaps for life.

"Gentleman Tom," now Convict McCarty, was ordered through the iron gates. He was conducted to a bath room, where he was told to strip himself for a bath. Standing naked by his bath, he noticed his keeper making notes of a scar on his knee and a birthmark on his side. He was then measured for height and weighed. He knew an accurate description was being taken for the records. How pitiful it seemed to Tom! How close a watch upon him was to be kept by the People of the State of New York!



THE LOCK STEP.

"A squad of convicts was passing through the yard. The tallest man was at the head, the shortest at the tail. They were graded throughout in accordance with their heights. Their arms were folded, their eyes were fixed straight before them, and they glanced not to either side. So close they stood, breast to back, that as each leg was thrown forward it locked its owner in the long striped line, which, with a swaying movement and a rhythmical shuffling sound, passed on, looking for all the world like a huge striped serpent." (See page 97.)

"There are your clothes," said the keeper, pointing to the prison striped suit.

With trembling hands he dressed himself, and his heart seemed to swell to bursting as he slipped on the convict suit of black and grey. "What'll I do wid dem?" he asked, pointing to his clothes.

"Say good-bye; you'll never see them again," said the keeper. "When you leave you will get another suit."

He was then taken into the office of Principal Keeper James Connaughton, who has for nineteen years been a prison official. He was told to fold his arms and face the wall. Beside him stood the man who had been handcuffed to him in the train, bereft of whiskers. These had fallen before the convict barber's shears. The Principal Keeper then recited to them the prison regulations, and told them of a time allowance given every prisoner for good behavior. He then assigned them to their cells, their tasks, and to the under keepers. Besides the new comers there were others in the room; they stood, faces to the wall, waiting their turn to speak to Principal Keeper Connaughton.

Convict McCarty was ordered to stand behind his companion of the morning, and behind him was placed a shorter man than himself. He noticed his companion's shoulders sway from side to side and that he then stepped forward with a slow, measured step. "Close up; fold arms; eyes front; step together," said a keeper sternly, and the three men marched along. A squad of convicts was passing through the yard. The tallest man was at the head, the shortest at the tail. They were graded throughout in accordance with their heights. Their arms were folded, their eyes were fixed straight before them, and they glanced not to either side. So close they stood, breast to back, that as each leg was thrown forward it locked its owner in the long striped line, which, with a swaying movement and a rhythmical shuffling sound, passed on, looking for all the world like a huge striped serpent. After a while they found themselves in a rag shop, where long lines of convicts were sitting before heaps of rags. Every convict looked up from his work at the new arrivals. A keeper received them, assigned them to places, gave them huge shears, explained to them the work to be done, and walked off swinging his cane.

The quiet of the place impressed him. There were at least one hundred and fifty men at work, and no sound save the click, click of the shears could be heard. Every man seemed deaf and dumb, and Tom noticed, to his surprise, that they all appeared aged and feeble. As he glanced about him, his

feelings divided between curiosity and distress; he wondered if he too would look as old as they in a few weeks. Suddenly he heard a distinct voice, low as a whisper, say: "Keep up your pluck. Don't trust your voice. You will learn to use it later. Is not this a fine sewing class of indigent old ladies? Give them night-caps and a cup of tea and this place would look like an old ladies' home."

Tom glanced hastily in the direction of the voice and saw his acquaintance of the morning, with motionless lips, completely absorbed in cutting rags. He bowed his head over his work. He felt the hot tears in his eyes. His prison life had begun.

CHAPTER XVII.

IN WHICH MR. FREDERIC RAINGOLD, SENIOR, DECIDES UPON A
POLICY OF MASTERLY INACTIVITY.

A NOTE, enclosed in an envelope, of robin's-egg blue note-paper, lay beside Mr. Raingold's plate on the breakfast table the morning after the interview recently recorded. Junior, who had preceded his father, saw it. He raised it to his nose and laughed aloud. There was a delicate odor to it, and this was the cause of the young man's merriment. He had not forgotten the glimpse he had caught of his father at supper with a pretty young woman at the Brunswick; indeed, if the truth must be told, Junior had kept a close watch upon his parent, wondering if his stern-faced father had a softer side to his character than that shown at home. When Senior opened his note he little suspected that Junior was watching his face, hoping to see upon it some trace of feeling indicative of its contents. But the sphinx was not more void of expression. A tiny key fell out of the note. Then Mr. Raingold read the note slowly, folded it, and put it down beside him. After a while he took it up and read it again. It ran as follows:

My dear Comrade :

I have locked my diamonds and jewels in the jewel case and enclose you the key. The box I gave to Marie, with instructions to give it to you when you call. Everything you have given me I leave behind. I have nothing more than I had when you first knew me.

I told Marie I would be away for a few days, in order to avoid unnecessary talk. Will you dismiss the servants and make a

proper disposition of the things? Whatever you do will be the right thing. Remember, I will need none of them again.

Do not think ill of me. Do not believe me cruel or heartless. I am much touched with your great kindness, but the step I have decided to take is the result of long thought. If you really are my friend you will not follow me. Let me go. Forget me. Think of me as one dead.

Good-bye for the last time.

COMRADE.

Mr. Raingold put the note in his pocket and ate his breakfast.

Once during the busy day he took the note out of his pocket and read it through. "It's only a whim," he said to himself; "she will be back in a few days." Little did the men in his office suspect the thoughts that now and then intruded themselves in his busy brain. Of all men, Frederic Raingold was the last man to be suspected of a secret affection; indeed, of an affection at all. Sometimes he was annoyed by the thought that Comrade had left him; sometimes he experienced a feeling of relief. "It was getting rather tiresome," he mused as he passed the tape through his fingers. "I wonder if she will come back?" he asked himself.

He decided that on his way uptown he would stop at the house which Comrade had endeared to him with her presence, and see her maid. He would give her to understand that Comrade was away on a visit. It would never do to let the servants suspect the truth. After a while Comrade would return; in the meanwhile he would leave her to her own resources, which undoubtedly would soon fail her. She would miss the comfort and luxury of the house he had given her and would, like Bo Peep's sheep, wander home. He would accept the situation as it was, adopt a policy of masterly inactivity, and take a holiday himself. I will have more time for the club; and, after all, I have been living a pretty prosy sort of life," he said to himself.

That afternoon Mr. Raingold stopped before a pretty red brick house and, opening the door with his key, entered. He rang a bell. A maid answered it. Mr. Raingold detected in her face an unmistakable look of uneasiness. "Oh, sir," she said, "I have a package for you. Madame told me to put it in your hands."

"Yes, I promised to stop for it this morning but forgot it. By the way, Marie, as Madame will not be back before next week, it will be a good time to have a thorough house cleaning." He said this in a loud voice, suspecting other servants of listening. He walked upstairs. The rooms were as he

had left them the previous evening. There was no indication of the flight. In the sitting room everything was as though Comrade would enter at any moment. Her bedroom was the same as when she was at home, and as he passed through her dressing room he noticed that the toilet articles were in their customary places. And what did this hard man engaged in the making of millions then do?

He looked into the bedroom to see whether the maid had followed him up the stairs. Finding he was alone, he hurriedly opened and shut the drawers of the bureau, hastily glanced into the commodious closet, and satisfied himself by personal inspection that Comrade had left all her clothing. "I wonder what she wore," he said to himself as he left the house.

That evening after dinner he sat in his library and said to himself: "I don't think I'll go to the club to-night, after all." Way down in his heart he felt troubled.

CHAPTER XVIII.

LIFE AS IT BEGINS TO UNFOLD ITSELF TO GENTLEMAN TOM IN
THE HOTEL AT SING SING.

IN spite of the tears poor Tom could not hold back, and the sick feeling about his heart, he looked about him curiously. The rag shop was a mere shed. The swallows built their nests among the beams and rafters overhead, and the hard-trodden clay floor gave no sound to the keeper's tread as he walked up and down between the rows of convicts. All the rags were wool. They were first assorted for color and then heaped in piles before the men. Every convict held a huge pair of shears in his hand, and each man busily occupied himself in cutting the fabric into small pieces. All of the rags had once been clothing, and in cutting them the object was to free the fabric from seams, folds, and linings. The bits so cut were thrown into barrels. No noise save the click, click, click of the shears could be heard. It seemed so strange, so unnatural, these long rows of smooth-faced men—mostly old men—working hour after hour, motionless and silent. A few who had completed their work sat with folded arms or kneeled, half leaning, against the barrels. He wondered what had brought them together. He learned that the old man in

the corner, with the German-looking face, was De Leon, who had sent so many poor fellows in search of work to South America, there to die in wretchedness; and that the burly negro was Goode, the slayer of the policeman in Wall street. He felt he was in a museum of criminals. Tom heard Principal Keeper Connaughton say to a visitor: "There are one hundred and sixty men at the rag industry. The men assigned here are chiefly old men who can do nothing else." And Tom wondered if he were an old man.

At half-past four o'clock the keeper ordered the men to lay down their shears and stand. They were formed in a line, just such a line as he had noticed crossing the prison yard in the morning. One keeper placed himself at the head of the column and a second at the end of it. "March!" Every man stepped forward on his left foot. How unlike soldiers, thought Tom. There was no step, no clean, free movement, but a shuffle. Each man folded his arms and moved along with breast to back. As he moved his legs Tom felt that his body was locked into the line, and if he fell the whole line must fall too. In this way they shuffled along toward the bucket shop on the river front, where each man got a bucket which he hung on his left arm. Then the line approached the long, narrow building with the many windows. In every direction Tom could see the squads of convicts returning from the various shops.

At the entrance of the prison long tables were placed, laden with bread, cut in slices. The first table held the large slices, the second smaller ones. Tom noticed that every man took a large slice and as many small ones as he desired. Then the line passed into the long building. In the centre, twelve feet from the walls, there arose a second building with numberless iron-grated doors. Five galleries encircled this building, and Tom could see squads of convicts, similarly armed with buckets and bread, pass toward their cells. Finally the guard cried "Halt!" Every man stood before his cell. At a word of command every man stepped inside, closing his door behind him. Then there came a grating sound as though the heavy bolt of a lock had been shot into its place. At the end of the gallery a keeper, by means of a lever, locked every cell door on the long gallery.

Tom was not alone in his cell. His companion was the man who had been handcuffed to him in the train. One small bed was down, the other was turned up against the wall. They sat in silence for a few minutes. Tom's companion spoke first. He said: "It is an outrage to double

men up in this way. It is ruinous to manners, morals, and health. As we came in I heard the clerk say that there were 1,411 boarders, or, to be absolutely truthful, 1,411 convicts. I know there are just 1,284 cells, therefore there are one hundred and twenty-seven cells with two men in them. I have known one-half of all the cells to have two men in them, and the harm arising beggars description. By the way, there is your coffee. You had better cultivate a taste for it, as it will be a regular feature of the evening meal, sick or well, during your visit. Did you ever have a room so void of all creature comforts? No electric bells. Would it not be delightful if we could just have a small bottle of 'the widow,' or even put our shoes out to be cleaned? No, my boy; puritanical, to say nothing of Jeffersonian, simplicity reigns here. You will cultivate ignorance of wealth in this place, so filled with innocence and health."

"Wuz life kind o' tough here?" asks Tom.

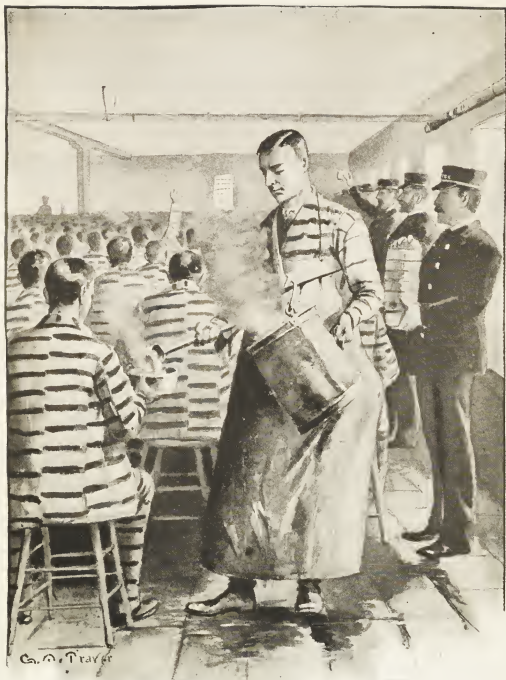
"Tough, my lad? No; tender—tender and juicy. You will learn resignation—submission to the will of your fellows who have sent you here. You will rise at six, get your breakfast, do your household duties—which will not take you long—go to your office, be busy during the morning, go to dinner, go back to your office, return to supper, and pass an evening at home. At nine you fall to sleep—and so the days of Tom McCarty will pass by."

"Wat wuz yuh doin' before?"

"I was in the kitchen. You should have seen me, my lad, stirring the soup in the huge cauldrons containing gallons of a savory fluid. If more salt were required—just 'a pinch of salt,' as the saying is—in went a bag of it. Everything is done *a la wholesale*. Did you ever see a dainty lady serving soup with a silver ladle and with matronly dignity? Well, my boy, she is simply not in it! Why, my mate and myself used a double-handled ladle. The steam from our tureen was a regular Russian bath! Wait until we go to dinner to-morrow and you will see the dining room. It is simplicity itself. We march in and take our seats on wooden benches. In front of us is the table. The board is scrupulously white. No old mahogany here, my lad; plain, democratic pine. It is about fourteen inches wide and the fellow opposite sits with his back towards you. You will learn more about the backs of heads here than you will of faces. Some twelve hundred dine at one time. The waiters will fill your tin soup plate, give you all the bread you want, and afterwards give you meat and vege-



IN THE KITCHEN—SOUP. (See page 102.)



SERVING DINNER TO TWELVE HUNDRED. (See page 102.)

tables on a tin plate and fill your tin cup with coffee. There is lots of everything. It's wholesome; but, oh my!"

Tom scarcely heard all his companion had to say concerning prison life; he knew he would learn it during the long two years. It was too horrible. Besides, his thoughts were far away. He was wandering back among the well-known alleys of the city, climbing the stairs of his house, talking with his mother and joking with the little, old, motherly girl who had visited him in the City Prison. At nine o'clock the lights were put out and he fell asleep, dreaming that he was a zebra in a museum; a zebra entrapped by hunters and put in a garden, where children came in the afternoon to look at him.

CHAPTER XIX.

IN WHICH TWO ROADS CROSS AND TWO OLD FRIENDS GOING
THEIR WAYS MEET AGAIN.

A LADY, closely veiled, stands at Alfred Cecil's door in the University Building on Washington square. She stands knocking for admission. The manservant—he who had opened the door to young Raingold—opened it to her. "Is Mr. Cecil at home?" she asked.

The man looked at her closely, but the veil defied his attempt to see the face. Taking her card, he replied: "I think not, but I will see."

She sat down in the large room and waited. Presently the man returned, saying: "This way, miss."

Following the servant, she passed into Alfred Cecil's study. He arose from his desk and approached her with a pleasant smile, saying: "Why, Mildred Vane, how do you do?" The servant drew the heavy portiere and closed the heavy door.

"Surprised to see me?" she said softly.

"Never surprised by anyone or at anything. Well, how are you? Let me see—it is a long time since we have met. Won't you throw off your coat?"

"If you are not surprised, I hope you are at least pleased to see me. But are you very busy? No? Good, for I have much to say to you." And she took off her hat, her coat, and seated herself in a big chair.

"How comfortable everything is here! I suppose you are

rich now; well—well, you deserve it.’ And she looked about her. “Some of the same old books!”

“And how fares the world with you? Are you playing now?” asked Cecil in a careless sort of way.

“I will play next week. I have an excellent part in a new piece,” she said softly, and then added: “Alfred, I must make it a success; my whole life and future depend upon it.” She spoke with great earnestness, and her dreamy eyes seemed kindled with the glow of deep burning fire. “Oh, my dear Alfred, if I had only followed your advice I would have been a happier and better woman. I have suffered terribly. Your advice always seems so hard, so cold; but it is right. Are you happy?”

“Happy? Happiness, my girl, is peace of mind, rest of body, freedom from cares, incapacity to feel for others. I am as happy as men of work and feeling can be, but I am not conscious of any special emotion which I believe is a general symptom of the condition termed happiness. Are you?”

“No and yes. I have a strong hope of gaining lost ground, and that makes me happy, and I have a sad feeling about certain matters which upsets me. I want to talk everything over with you. Will you be my confessor once more?” Her large, dreamy eyes looked into his kind face very wistfully, and then they were veiled with the drooping lids. She told her story. He listened, asking no questions and she mentioning no names. She spoke to him with entire frankness, knowing him a man who hears everything and repeats nothing. He heard her through, and then he said, very kindly:

“My dear Mildred, of course you have done the right thing. Every life is a season of trials. Now and then an individual can stand trial and come out with flying colors, more frequently the colors have to be lowered. When persons know they are living wrong and deliberately continue to do so, they must expect to be unhappy either until conscience is dead within them or until they resolve to live right. There is nothing more awful than moral callousness. A person with a dead conscience is a fearful object; it is generally accompanied with such a host of attending circumstances that the person becomes absolutely unlovable to his or her fellow creatures. On the other hand, when a person resolutely breaks away from wrong living to right living there is a grand moral victory accomplished, and it brings its peace and happiness. We men and women, unfortunately, find ourselves governed entirely by our neighbors, and by what our neighbors have to say of us, although we know how little our brothers and sisters in human-

ity will do to save us from falling the victim of circumstances. You and I know this; therefore, I say, live for yourself and in yourself in accordance with the dictates of your conscience, and through conscience you will find yourself in communion with the universe."

"I don't think I quite understand you," said Mildred.

"I can not explain all I mean. All I will say is this: You are two in one—a body and a spirit. The health of the spirit is the conscience. Seek the welfare of the spirit, follow the dictates of conscience; do not mind the body or the history of it; there is no record worth the writing that is not the record of the spirit. Whatever lives may be, they are not as men know them; the laws of society are conventional, not spiritual; the laws that make men and women good or evil are spiritual, not social or conventional. You have been dominated for a while by the power of evil, and now you are dominated by the power of good. You have had your experiences, and you have turned from the evil to the good; follow the good and you will be less unhappy."

"Don't you think I will be happy?"

"No. Only children and angels are happy," Cecil said thoughtfully.

"Alfred, you are so strange: the strangest man I have ever met. Do you think I will get on in the world?"

"Why not? Every one can get on who has health and strength; that is, if they find their levels. It is a hard thing for people to find their labor levels. Many try to make their social levels and their labor levels correspond. The banker's son with the capacity of a mechanic strives to be a lawyer, and the laborer's son with the capacity of a clerk strives to become a financier."

"And women; what do they strive to be?" Mildred said mischievously.

"Everything except what God intended them. But come, it is late; will you dine with me at the Martin?"

The Hotel Martin, on University place, enjoys a local reputation as a French café and restaurant. At one time it was the favorite resort of artists, actors, and journalists. In recent years it has received the patronage of a larger class, but it still remains a chosen corner in Bohemia. Among the diners are to be found many of its old customers, who live in the vicinity in the old studio buildings around the Square and in Tenth street. It was to this place Alfred Cecil and Mildred Vane went to dinner. They entered the main dining room to the right of the hall.

"Oh, there is our old table in the corner," she said, pointing to a vacant table near the window. "Let us sit there."

And they sat themselves where they had sat in former years, and talked of days now long since passed away. During the dinner Mildred talked of her part, her ideas concerning it, the dresses she would wear, and of her hopes and fears. "It has been so long," she said, "since I have had a chance to play that I am fearfully nervous. It was the strangest thing in the world that I got it at all. The woman who was to have played it got sick, and I happened in to see the manager just as he was wondering who could take her place. He gave me the part to try. I rehearsed it with the book in my hand. This morning I went through it letter perfect. You see, I had nothing to commend me but my own exertions. I had to tell them that I had been resting. I could not say that I had been starred in a private *rôle* by Mr. Raingold." And Mildred laughed merrily.

"Raingold—Frederic Raingold?" he asked, and then added: "The young lady—his daughter—was Mary Raingold?"

"Yes. I did not intend to mention names; but do you know them?" she asked, her voice now quite serious.

"I have met her, but I do not know him," Cecil said, and added: "And so Mr. Frederic Raingold, the money-maker, is a man with taste for forbidden fruit?"

"Are you surprised? Indeed, I should not have mentioned his name."

"Nonsense; not surprised, merely startled. It is a small world, and we all bump shoulders in the crowd." And then they talked of the stage, its manners, morals, and opportunities.

"The theatre," said he, seriously, "offers to all men and women an honorable living. It has its difficulties and its temptations, but so has every other business. It is ridiculous for actors and actresses to believe they may set up a code of morality different from that of general society. A moral principle is, in this century, a rule of life which allows of no exceptions. When a man or woman, by reason of their own exertions, command or attract special attention, they may consider that the rest of the world is seated with opera glasses raised to catch every false step. Of course, after the fashion of the world, they may be often misjudged; but society, as a rule, is willing to respect those who respect themselves. As for me, my life is what I make it. Let the world blow warm or cold, it matters little to me. I go where I will and how I



IN THE HOTEL MARTIN RESTAURANT.

"The theatre offers to all men and women an honorable living. It has its difficulties and its temptations, but so has every other business. It is ridiculous for actors and actresses to believe they may set up a code of morality different from that of general society. A moral principle is, in this country, a rule of life which allows of no exceptions." (See page 106.)

will, and the world may turn up its eyes or turn them down, it is all the same. But when a woman does as I do, she sometimes suffers for her independence; and yet she may be wholly blameless. As the old poet said: 'Woman is too slight a thing to tread the world and not feel its sting.'"

And so in pleasant chat the hours passed away.

CHAPTER XX.

IN WHICH MR. FREDERIC RAINGOLD WONDERS WHICH IS THE ROAD HE SHOULD TAKE—HIS DILEMMA.

FOR a day or two after Comrade's flight Mr. Frederic Raingold experienced a feeling not unlike that of men whose wives have gone in the country for a week or two. He seemed so free—his evenings so much his own. To be sure, Mr. Raingold had his family. But he had long since emancipated himself from the thralldom of domestic bliss by resigning the household sceptre to the firm hand of his worthy spouse, who accepted it complacently, asking no questions as to the outgoings or incomings of her lord.

Yes, indeed, for a day or two Mr. Raingold felt marvelously free. He buttoned his coat more tightly, stopped at the florists for violets for his buttonhole more frequently, and in walking seemed to step out more briskly. From time to time he found himself walking down Fourth avenue in the vicinity of the stage door, or stopping before the billboard at the entrance. He read her name, Mildred Vane, in big letters, one morning shortly after the bill had been pasted up, and he seemed possessed by an impulse to destroy it. "I wonder," he said to himself, "if I should send her flowers on her first night. What would she think of it? If she thought by my not doing anything at all that I had forgotten her, would it not be best?" And so, from time to time, he asked himself questions.

At the end of the week he decided to call at Comrade's late residence. The door was locked and he rang the bell. This annoyed him somewhat. Comrade's maid, Marie, answered the bell. As Mr. Raingold entered he said: "Leave the front door unlocked from the morning until ten at night, and keep the lights lighted in the evening. Any letters?"

"No, sir."

"Any bills or anything? By the way, have you heard from Madame?"

"No, sir."

Mr. Raingold, with a dull feeling in his chest, walked upstairs and roamed through the deserted rooms. Finally he fell into the big chair. Marie entered, saying: "Will you have the fire, sir?"

"No. By the way, Marie, have you seen the coachman?"

"Yes, sir, most every day. He wants to know if Madame wants to drive, and he wants to know if Madame is comin' back, and we girls was worryin' a bit about citywations."

"Tell the servants that I will keep them, and when I discharge them I will give them all a month's wages. I want everything kept up to the handle."

"Is Madame comin' back, sir?" asked Marie.

"Why, certainly, she is. For the first time he really doubted it. The distrust of the servants had penetrated his selfish soul; it had not seemed possible to him for a penniless girl to fly from him and his millions. His heart swelled within him as he saw Marie leave the room shaking her head. He called her back, saying: "Did Madame ever receive notes or visitors, Marie?"

"Gentlemen, sir?" asks Marie, desiring to have him declare himself. "No, indeed, sir. Poor lady, she was as lonely as a nun in a convent, sittin' here all day readin', or drivin' in the park in the afternoon. I kind o' think, Mr. Raingold, you had better make your mind easy about Madame. I don't suspect you'll ever see her again; not here nowadays." So saying she left the room.

This visit and the freedom of the servant's remarks annoyed Mr. Raingold. He began to wonder where she was living and what time she would be leaving the theatre. The stage door! "How absurd! I never did such a thing when I was young. I wonder what would happen if I paid the manager to discharge her. Those fellows are always in hot water," he murmured to himself. "Yet, poor child, it is perhaps best for her. I wonder if she needs money for clothes?" And his thoughts about her changed from hour to hour. He scarce knew that he thought about her at all; yet the fair face with large eyes half veiled with drooping lids never passed away. It seemed to be before him all the time.

One morning the office boy came out of the private office of Frederic Raingold, his face beaming with smiles, and he whis-

pered into another office boy's ear a tremendous communication: "Say, do you know what the Guv'nor's doin'?"

"Naw."

"Well, I'll be blowed, if he ain't readin' all de dramatic papers!"

It was true. Like a youngster with the first sweetheart from the stage, he was reading the gossip of the theatre. For sixty years he had escaped the contagion that lays so many low at thirty.

CHAPTER XXI.

IN WHICH ALFRED CECIL IS VERY INNOCENTLY CAUSED
A SHARP THROB OF PAIN.

EVENING service has just been concluded this bright, sunny Sunday afternoon in the Church of the Heavenly Rest. The deep, full notes of the organ swell through the sacred edifice as the people move down the aisles and pass out into Fifth avenue. Among them is Mary Raingold. She is simply dressed—as she always is—and carries in her hand a small leather bound prayer-book. Her mind during the short, eloquent sermon had, perhaps by reason of some word spoken by the clergyman, drifted away from his to her thoughts. They so weigh upon her that she scarcely notices those who stand about the doors, chatting very much as they would have at an afternoon tea—of entertainments they had attended and of those to come. Slowly she walks down the Avenue.

It so happens that at this time Alfred Cecil, with coat tight buttoned, walks briskly down the Avenue, steps to the edge of the pavement, to avoid the congregation, and passes ahead. In a moment he discovers Miss Raingold in advance of him. He stands beside her and, raising his hat, says: "Good afternoon, Miss Raingold."

"Oh, how you frightened me!" she answers in a startled sort of way, and adds: "You are such a stranger, Mr. Cecil, that I might rightly think you an apparition."

"I am no shade, but a substance," Cecil replies with a laugh. "One, I regret to say, that is gaining in weight with years; indeed, since confession is good for the soul, I must

admit that my long walks on Sunday afternoons are taken largely with the purpose of becoming more sylph-like. And you? You have been to church?"

"Yes. I like the afternoon services at the Heavenly Rest. Have you ever heard Doctor Morgan?"

"No. The fact is, Miss Raingold, I have given up many things of late years. Some time ago I was a reporter on a newspaper, and every Sunday I was assigned to do churches; that is, report sermons. During that unhappy period of my existence I listened to many preachers and thought over their sermons when I sat myself down to the dreadful task of writing my copy. I came to the conclusion that most newspaper men could write sermons better than the average of those preached in the majority of churches. Since then I have not gone to church except to a wedding or a funeral."

"Which means, my dear sir, that on Sunday mornings you, like all men, love the newspapers."

"On the contrary, the Sunday newspaper is a journalistic abomination, excellent for working people and servants; but to every body else a mass of dreadful rubbish, forbidding in appearance and unattractive in every way. I got into the habit some time ago of staying in my rooms on Sunday mornings, and it has grown upon me. I love to potter about doing something which is in fact absolutely nothing."

In this way, talking about everything and anything, they came to the steps of Frederic Raingold's massive front door on Madison avenue. Cecil touched the button and the electric bell sounded in the hall. At once the doors were flung open by a servant in livery.

"Won't you come in, Mr. Cecil?" Mary Raingold asked as Alfred Cecil raises his hat to bid her good-bye. He seems to hesitate. Then she looks at him and adds: "Do. I have something important to say."

He follows her into the great oak-panelled hall. There is sometimes more eloquence in the expression of the eye, the lifting of the eyebrows, and the nervous muscular movement of the mouth than in all language. It was the look which Mary gave him that determined him, for he did not intend to enter the house; indeed, it was against his wish.

They walked into a reception room to the left of the hall. A log fire is burning brightly. They stand beside it, for its genial glow seems to invite their approach.

"Shall I put on a log, miss?" asks the servant, who had followed them in. He did so and withdrew.

Cecil stands beside the great mantel, hat in hand, while Mary,



"Cecil stands beside the great mantel, hat in hand, while Mary, half kneeling, stirs the embers with the poker. Looking up, she asks shyly: 'Did you think it strange of me to send Freddie to you?' And she gives the glowing embers such a stir that they glare fiercely, throwing light and heat into her down-turned face." (*See page 110.*)

half kneeling, stirs the embers with the poker. Looking up, she asks shyly: "Did you think it strange of me to send Freddie to you?" And then she gives the glowing embers such a stir that they glare fiercely, throwing light and heat into her down-turned face.

"Not at all. I can assure you I felt highly honored," he says earnestly.

"I was afraid you would," she says softly. "And yet I thought you would understand. Freddie is a very good boy, you know; he really is; but at times he is foolish—wild. Young men are allowed to be a little wild though; are they not?" There was a roguish look in her eyes as she spoke—and then she arose from before the fire.

Alfred Cecil laughed. "I believe that is the doctrine. Every young man is allowed to indulge his vicious propensities to a limited extent. These are called 'wild oats.' Having sown them in his youth, he is considered by society a member worthily and duly qualified to indulge in the domestic virtues; that is, sow his, well—'domesticated oats.' So far as my observations extend," Cecil continues, with a sly twinkle in his eyes, "young men who are not a little wild, like your brother, are not considered examples of rugged health. Indeed, it is considered unnatural. Youth and Folly are merry, boon companions; even more—sort of Siamese twins. Just think, Miss Raingold, how the gravity and wisdom of age would suffer if it were not for the contrast afforded by the levity and folly of youth!"

"Is it not strange that girls do not like grave and wise youths—call them 'prigs'?" Mary says thoughtfully.

"Not at all. Our conventional laws have declared that woman is the embodiment of human perfections. In order to establish a contrast, it declares that man is the embodiment of human imperfections. To prove the power of good over evil, of perfection over imperfection, woman is presumably able to conquer the savage bachelor and make——"

"The tame husband," interrupts Mary with a smile.

"No; the domestic man; the lover of wife, children, home. This victory is the glory of women—their pride. Our laws all favor the woman; woman is the conqueror, man is the vassal!"

"You believe in woman?" Mary asks, for she is pleased to hear her sex praised. "You do not think her the daughter of Eve, with an hereditary taint—a desire to do mischief?"

"Bless my soul!" Cecil replies lightly. "I am no enemy to the worst of Eve's daughters. They may tempt, as Eve

did, but it is a poor sort of man who has a taste for green apples, which stick in the throat. No, indeed; I always believed woman an afterthought of the Creator—a sort of majestic humor or sarcasm. That is, accepting the Mosaic idea of creation."

"Good gracious! How?" she asks, quite astonished.

"Why, after all had been created; all the waters, land, fishes of the sea, birds of the air, and beasts of the field, God made man and gave him dominion over them. Man was then monarch of all he surveyed; then, as an afterthought, probably to humble the pride of man, He made woman, and gave her dominion over him. Was not woman, therefore, a rather humorous creation—humor with a touch of sarcasm?"

"I don't think," says Mary gently, "that I like your idea."

After a short chat Mr. Alfred Cecil left. As he walked down the Avenue he said to himself: "And such is life. Always a new pain. I would that it could be, for she is so noble, pure, and beautiful. Poor girl, if she only knew how she stirred dead ashes in me when she poked those glowing embers." Sadly, with a pain in his heart, he walked slowly and thoughtfully homeward.

"Mother," says Mary Raingold this same Sunday evening, as she laid the book she was reading down in her lap; "I wish you would invite Mr. Cecil to the next dinner."

"Mr. Cecil?" Mrs. Raingold repeats, adding to the name an inflection of voice which unmistakably means—Who in the world is Mr. Cecil? "And why Mr. Cecil?"

"Why?" Mary's voice and Mary's cheeks betray a feeling of annoyance; nay more—temper. "Why? Why do we ask any one?" she asks in her turn, and adds: "To eat and be entertaining, I suppose."

"Good gracious, Mary, how you fly up! If you desire to invite your Mr. Cecil, pray do so; but don't get in a passion about it. May I, your mother, with very great deference to this gentleman, ask who he may be?" And, so speaking, Mrs. Raingold, with great dignity, continued to check off certain entries in a leather bound memorandum book.

Mary looked toward her father, who was sleeping in his big chair, overcome by the dullness of the morning newspapers. She then raised her book, disregarded her mother's question, and proceeded to read. The amiable Mrs. Raingold laid down her book and took up another. She ran down the annotated margin to the letter C, opened at that letter, and with her pencil ran over the names. Having done this, she ran

backward over them. Mary slyly watched this action, and the color in her cheeks heightened.

"My dear Mary, I don't think I know your Mr. Cecil. Has he ever been here? I do not find his name on my visiting list."

"Thank God!" responds Mary.

"My child," says Mrs. Raingold, closing her book; "what language!"

"Uttered from the bottom of my heart. I rejoice to think that there is at least one man who has escaped that tedious catalogue of aristocratic cattle. Your visiting list, mother, always makes me think of Mr. Havemeyer's book of registered Jerseys, with the exception that his is a list of magnificent, high-bred cows and yours a list of stupid, ill-bred donkeys."

Frederic Raingold overheard this verbal combat and roared. He loved to hear the shot rattle through the rank and file of Mrs. Raingold's light squadron of fashionable people. He sat himself up and, turning to Mary, said: "What's the matter, daughter? Who is the person your mother has overlooked in her stock ledger? What's the difficulty, anyway?"

"Nothing," replied Mary, whose temper had, like scudding summer clouds, disappeared, and left her trembling between laughter and tears. "I asked mother to invite a gentleman to the next dinner and she did not find his name on her visiting list. I ought to have a card printed for distribution—'If you want to know me and be invited to our house, be polite to mama.' Anyone would suppose I was a bud."

"Don't talk nonsense, Mary," retorted Mrs. Raingold angrily. Then, turning to her husband, she said: "Mr. Raingold, you are always encouraging Mary."

"She requires encouragement, my dear; but, as you are such a perfect reservoir of self-reliance, it is unnecessary for me to say anything to you. But who is this gentleman, Mary, whose digestion is to be attacked by one of your mother's gastronomic festivals?"

"Mr. Cecil, of Washington square."

"Mr. Cecil, lodging on Washington square, you should say," adds Mrs. Raingold.

"How do you know where he lodges, or—rooms, if you prefer it better, mother, since he is not one of the immortals embalmed in the crypt of noble names?"

"Your brother told me that such a person, living in chambers in the dreary old University Building, knew you—that is all. It had escaped me for the moment."

"Cecil?—Cecil?" said Raingold slowly. "What is his first name?"

"Alfred Cecil," replied Mary.

"Of course you will ask him. The fellow has made an enormous fortune within the last five years. He is the owner of the *Daily Planet*. I have tried every way to meet him. I understand he is as queer as Dick's hat-band, and can't be gotten at. How in the deuce did you ever meet him?"

Mr. Raingold, now thoroughly interested, stood up, threw down his paper, and said: "Look here, Mrs. Raingold; for years you have been inviting your precious crew of useless and highly connected friends. On this occasion Mary and I will have a dinner. We will have Alfred Cecil. When shall it be?"

"My invitations for the next two dinners are out," stiffly responds Mrs. Raingold, half dazed with anger and amazement.

"Oh, bother your two dinners. We will have another! You write to him, Mary; make it informal. If it is a big dinner he won't come." So speaking, Mr. Raingold strode out of the house.

And Mary wondered why it was that her father seemed more desirous than she to have Alfred Cecil dine at their house.

CHAPTER XXII.

TOM WANDERS ALONG THE ROAD OF SHADOWS AND VISITS AN OLD HABITATION.

NINE o'clock. Nine o'clock in the evening. Nine o'clock in the main prison at Sing Sing. Lights out!

Fourteen hundred men lay down for the night.

And Tom lay himself down this first night in the prison and thought to himself that sleep would not come to him. Was he not too wretched to be visited by sleep?

But sleep came. It stole through the small barred windows of the great main wall, crossed the space between it and the house of cells, slipped in between the grated doors of Master Tom's narrow chamber, touched his eyelids with its magic fingers, and Tom wandered out into the night.

He passed along the gallery and saw the convicts sleeping in their narrow beds; down the steep iron stairs, past the

keepers at their posts, into the yard; into the rag shop where old men wearily plied great shears through musty rags; through the kitchen, dining rooms, and down to the river. Between the bars he saw the river glistening, and on the fence, at the sentry box, he saw the guard with the gleaming rifle.

He saw the long striped columns of men shuffling through the yards from dining room to factory; he saw the keepers pacing their beats, switching the light canes in their hands; he saw those who had grown weary of confinement move about spiritless, broken, and miserable; he saw those who had recently arrived growing stouter, the tension of trial and disgrace having passed off.

And then? He found himself climbing the stairs of the old dingy tenement. Over her work with bowed head sat his mother. He saw the tears stealing down her cheeks and he knew that it was for him that she wept. He stretched out his hand. He laid it upon her head, yet it seemed as though he did not touch it. He spoke to her; it seemed as though his voice did not reach her. A sense of happiness thrilled him.

Poor Tom's mother laid down her work, rubbed her eyes, and said to herself: "It must be late and I am dreaming. It seemed just as though Tom had been here and said: 'Good-night, mother.'"

CHAPTER XXIII.

COMRADE MAKES HER BOW TO AN AUDIENCE, AND A NEW STAR
SHINES IN THE DRAMATIC HEAVENS.

THE doors of the Star Theatre stand open to all comers. At the iron gate the door-keeper sits taking tickets. Beside him the press agent, to whom the ticket-taker refers a number of young men and an occasional woman who present cards. They are the representatives of newspapers published in towns not found on the railroad maps of to-day, but possible centres of cash and culture in the next ten years. A little further back stands the manager talking with his friends. He watches the throng enter, he sees the line at the box-office, he notices the tickets fall into the big tin box, he notes the critics from the great dailies. It is an important night for him.

"Who is Mildred Vane?" asks a newspaper reporter who

usually does dog fights for the New York *Herald*, and when not so engaged is assigned to the theatre.

"Miss Vane? Who is Miss Mildred Vane? Why, my boy, she played here with Henry Irving, and on her return to England made the sensation of the season. I got her over for this part. Wait until you see her," replied the manager.

The canine artist straightened his cream-colored satin tie and felt he had exposed his ignorance. After a few minutes he proceeded to his seat, first looking at a great basket of roses with an envelope attached marked "Miss Mildred Vane."

The orchestra plays an overture.

Just as the curtain is being lifted on the first scene, Frederic Raingold and his sister Mary walk down the centre aisle. The usher turns down their seats and hands the young man his checks. Frederic throws off his coat, looks quickly about the theatre, and sits down.

The play begins. It is a drama with a fine line of comedy through it. It is the story of a young woman whose past is clouded with mystery. She has won the love of a good man and treasures it, but his curiosity as to her early life, which has been heightened by the remarks of his friends, makes him suspicious of her. A former admirer of hers—the orthodox villain of the theatre—endeavors to poison the mind of the husband, hoping that she may leave him. The husband is worked up into a state of suspicion and jealousy when the wife enters the drawing room. The wife is impersonated by Mildred Vane.

Her entrance was greeted by the audience with applause. It had heard her singing before she appeared. The young, fresh voice had a delicious charm to it. Her personality was winning in itself. She possessed magnetism. Her reception was evidently a surprise, for she stopped, smiled, bowed, and proceeded with her *rôle*. The moment she appeared Mary turned to her brother. He was looking at the stage, with his lips parted in evident astonishment. "Well!" he cried.

"Why, Freddie, that is——," Mary whispered.

"Well, I'll be blown! That is the girl the Governor had to supper," Frederic Raingold whispered.

"Hush!" And Mary pressed his arm.

And as they watched the play Mary's mind would wander from the scene to the tenement house, from the tenement house to the restaurant in the Hotel Brunswick. And Frederic? He wondered how his father could have met her.

The first act was concluded with great applause. Miss Vane was called and recalled. Trembling with pleasure and

excitement, the young actress stood before the curtain and bowed her thanks. At last and unexpectedly she had triumphed. Frederic rose from his seat to go into the lobby. As he did so he discovered his father seated in the centre aisle, alone; and across the house to the left he noticed Alfred Cecil leave his seat.

As Frederic walked up the aisle he stopped and said to his father: "Hello, Gov., I did not know you were coming here."

"No. Had nothing to do and dropped in. Pretty good, isn't it?"

"Capital. How do you like her?"

"Who? The heroine?"

"Yes; Miss Vane."

"I thought she was fair. It is a strong play." So speaking, the two Raingolds passed into the lobby. There they met Alfred Cecil. Frederic introduced Cecil to his father. As the two men stood talking together Frederic sauntered off and looked at the flowers. Here he made a discovery. It seemed to him that the handwriting on the envelope attached to the basket was unmistakably his father's, and that on the card attached to the bouquet was Cecil's.

"I wonder whether they both know her," he said to himself. Then he walked to his seat. Looking back he saw his father and Cecil about taking their seats. Cecil had left his to sit by Mr. Raingold.

The second and third acts were even more successful than the first, and, when the curtain fell, Mildred Vane had won for herself a first place in the ranks of those who struggle and suffer to win applause.

And Raingold? He did not share Cecil's unmistakable pleasure in the success of the new favorite. He had watched her performance with great interest, but the success she had attained smote the chord of self, and he felt that now a certain pretty house would never be made cheerful with her sunny presence.

That night he wrote her a note congratulating her upon her triumph; that night the editors of the *Daily Planet* were instructed to publish an article which Cecil himself contributed.

That night Mildred Vane thought of a poor woman's dying blessing: "God bless you both!"

Ah, fair young woman with large eyes and drooping lids, your time has come! The wheel of fortune for a while turned in the mire, but to-night it is garlanded with roses. One cannot mistake the sentiment of the audience. It has welcomed you as an unknown; it has showered you with its ap-

plause. You have been a surprise to it, to your manager, to the author, to the company, and to yourself. Neither they nor you suspected the existence of that within you which seemed to go out from you to the audience. At this moment the critics are writing of you. Some are wondering whether it is art or genius, or art and genius combined. They know you possess something uncommon and it must be given a name. Some prattle about "intensity," "reserve force," "natural charms of voice, face and figure," "graces of mind and a manner free from affectation." Our dear old friend Winter compares you to the antediluvian dames that pleased him in the springtime of his content; he will say you are "a soul," and he will, like Silas Wegg, "drop into poetry," while the *Herald* reporter will declare you "fetched laughter and tears to the eyes of a fashionable audience." But let them wriggle and write; they never make, they never mar.

And what is this you are doing with your basket? Dividing the flowers among the ladies of the company? And what are you doing with the card of Frederic Raingold, the Master of Wall Street? Surely you are not tearing it into little bits? And why do you frown as you do so? Come, my lady, is it fair? Let the good man cast a rose or two on the grave of a dead love! No. You wish to forget. Very well, but not by burying your pretty face in that bunch of roses. Surely; there is no sentiment in Cecil's bouquet!

And who is it that comes to you now and asks permission to put you in a cab? The manager. No cab! How surprised he is! Behold his smile and his soft—"You must always have your carriage. It shall go into the contract. Would rather have a maid? Ah, Miss Vane, why not both?" Poor Mildred; she is in a dream. The wheel has indeed turned. Yesterday Mr. Manager sighed as she rehearsed; to-night his rosy face is illumined with smiles. He has a lioness—and a cheap one at that—and he proposes to guard her very tenderly.

She leaves the theatre heavily veiled. Beside her walks a slight young girl who has helped her in the dressing room, helped her while the regular dresser had done her hair and administered the finishing touches. They walk down Fourth avenue a few blocks, then cross over to University place, and thence down to the University Building.

Mr. Cecil's manservant, as he stands at the door, is watching for them evidently. They enter Mr. Cecil's apartments. "Won't you wait a few minutes, miss? Mr. Cecil is just finishing his article. Soon as it is done he will be out."

Wait? Of course, she would wait. What queen of the stage would not wait for the man who is writing, writing of her? And the *Daily Planet* has a very large audience. Should they not hear of her triumph? Should they not know that a star has arisen? Let the journalistic Magi write.

The door opens; Cecil comes out of his den. As he shuts it behind him, Mildred hears the tic, tic, tic of the telegraph key, and she realizes how the news of the world flashes into this one room of the old University Building.

He has thrown off his dress coat and now wears his evening vest and a smoking jacket, while she has laid aside her ulster, hat, and veil.

"Congratulations, full, round, and hearty," he says, coming forward.

"Was I a success?" she asks, impulsively holding out her two hands, her face intensely anxious and shining with excitement.

"Indeed you are. You are more than a success; you are a revelation! Honestly, a grand surprise."

"And they liked me? You liked me?"

"More than that—they loved you!"

"I did not overdo it? How was I in my first scene? Was I good in the second act? In my great scene with my husband, did I tower as you told me? I really made a great impression, did I?" She asked question after question, and then burst into tears. The excitement was more than she could stand.

"Come, come; this won't do. This means failure, my child; nerves must not be strained; calm yourself. Come now, we will have a bite of supper, and then you must go home." And so speaking, Alfred Cecil, like an elder brother, led her into another room where a supper was awaiting them.

Poor "Comrade"—poor Mildred Vane; how thanks swell your heart! You only hoped to be acceptable that you might keep your place among the breadwinners, but more had come to you—more than you dared expect. The bread cast on the waters had returned after many days.

An hour later Mildred, with Mabel half asleep, stepped into a cab and was driven rapidly to her boarding house.

After the theatre Mr. Frederic Raingold, silent and thoughtful, walks up Broadway with his son and daughter. Both he and Mary listen to the young man, yet say little. His mind is engaged with thoughts foreign to the play, yet closely surrounding the player. Perhaps it is the effect of his mood upon her that causes Mary to be so unusually quiet.

Her surprise in discovering in Mildred Vane the young woman who had won her esteem on a certain occasion was complete and absolute, and her pleasure in witnessing her grand success was genuine and hearty. Still, there would come back to her a remembrance of two faces through a window, which caused her an uncomfortable feeling. Her nature, so frank and loyal, revolted at the possession of knowledge which daily became burdensome as a secret. But the younger Raingold had no such feelings. He merely wondered whether his father would drop a word or two which would give him any information. But the father's lips were as silent as the portals to a vault.

"I wonder where she comes from?" he asks. "I don't think I have ever seen her play before? Have you?"

"No," Mr. Raingold replies, with an unnecessary stress on the word.

"Well, I suppose she will prove the sensation of the season," adds Raingold, Junior. "She will become the fashion. I wonder who knows her? I must meet her."

The young man covertly looks at his father's face, but no trace of thought passes over it. Evidently the words did not touch him. But Mary? She pressed her brother's arm, cautioning him to be silent.

After walking a few blocks Mr. Raingold excused himself and walked down a side street, saying he was going to the club. Did he change his mind or was this only strategy? He stops; he turns. Where is Mr. Raingold going? Back to the theatre; to the stage door?

He paces the block between Thirteenth and Fourteenth streets on Fourth avenue. The stage door opens and he sees several members of the company step out from a gloomy, badly lighted interior. He stops. "No; he will not wait. He is off; briskly he walks uptown. Surely, Mr. Raingold, you are not the man of decision we are told you are."

One hour later Mr. Frederic Raingold stands before the fireplace in a prettily furnished house. He has lighted all the lights and the fire crackles and sputters. He glances about him. He walks into the back room with its dainty hangings; he lifts the silver-backed brushes from the table and smooths his own grey hair and then—he throws the brush under the bed.

Up and down he walks; there is a hard, cold look in his face. He catches up a photograph and tears it into shreds. It is his own. He lifts a framed photograph from the table. It is hers. With violent hands he drags the card from its place

and hurls the costly frame into the fire. Impetuously he tears the card and throws it on the hearth. Suddenly he stoops and seizes the two pieces. The effort forces the blood to his face. He looks in the glass. He sees the mark of Gentleman Tom's stick; how the scar glares! It seems like red lips flushing and paling in anger, like lips mocking him, like lips taunting him. There comes a ringing in his ears. Sounds come to him. The lips seem to say: Suffer, suffer, suffer!

A sense of weakness comes over him; he sinks into a chair; he feels that the waters are closing over him.

Silence hovers at the threshold. Silence hovers about the man of millions.

And in the small hours of the morning he rises from the big chair, looks at his watch, and wonders at the lateness of the hour. His face is pale, very pale, in the early morning light.





CHAPTER XXIV.

MR. RAINGOLD STANDS BY "THE TICKER" AND WATCHES THE
WAGING OF BATTLE.

EVERY nation has its capital and its street. The capital in comparison with the street is as a mere local point to a nation. The street is one of the world's centres.

In European cabinets and counting-rooms grave ministers of state and the Rothschilds, Bleichroeders and Barings of finance sit, from hour to hour, scanning the news from Wall Street. Wall Street is to them the pulse to the American financial body, and they sit like doctors, watch in hand, counting the pulsations.

And Wall Street?

On bright, sunny mornings before the great clock in Trinity chimes the hour of ten, Wall Street is calm, impressive, magnificent. Great buildings of granite, marble, stone, brick and iron raise their lofty heads on its two sides, which slope away from the head of the street like a funnel. The large end rests on the river which madly swirls past, the small end at Broadway is stopped by Trinity, which raises its slender, lofty steeple, as a finger, ever pointing to the sky. But the men and the boys, with smooth faces, fresh in the morning air, raise their eyes to the clock and no higher.

In the afternoon all is different. In and out of the temples of Mammon pass hastily the men and boys of the morning.

Their faces are lined and parched. The air is full of sounds, and every sound seems laden with excitement. Even the buildings, with ever swinging doors, have lost their calm, impressive look. They seem to be seething cauldrons. All is movement, anxiety, impatience. The fortunes of the world are in motion, swinging like great celestial bodies in the firmament, drawing into the engulfing vortex behind them the luckless speculators.

The Stock Exchange rests on Broad street, with a door on Wall street, and so does the Mills Building, where Frederic Raingold, the manipulator of millions, has his offices.

In his private office Frederic Raingold walks up and down the floor. There is a strange look in his face this morning, and his son is anxious. He knows that his father did not return to his home until a very late hour, an unusually late hour even for Mr. Raingold, so he believes the whitish blue and grey look may be due to loss of sleep.

The morning newspapers lay on the table and on the floor. He has read them all this morning, read the critics' reports of the new play. But there is other reading for you, Mr. Raingold. That little instrument with the tape issuing from it is printing something besides comedy; it is telling what is going on in that great white building up the street. How the wheel spins, as the hammer falls marking the tape, that record of fortunes lost and won!

But Mr. Raingold is in no humor for a battle; he would it were time to go home; he would that it were three o'clock. His brain feels dull, his eyes seem heavy, his heart is oppressed with weight. Money, the god he had worshipped for many, many years, seemed to have lost its power to heal his wound, to soothe and comfort him. To-day, for the first time in his life, he feels it cannot purchase everything.

"I will go home early," he says to himself as he stands watching the tape. "I am not feeling just right. Strange I should have fallen asleep. I wonder what it was. Hello! Hello!" What is this that comes from the Stock Exchange? What is this flurry? Raingold passes the tape rapidly through his fingers—the dull, heavy look is leaving his eyes—something is wrong across the street. The optimistic legions are being forced back by the pessimistic forces—the fight is evidently waging hot.

Mr. Frederic Raingold smiles. It reminds one of a wood-chuck trap—all teeth.

Rumors fill the street. They are telegraphed and recorded on the "news-ticker." Mr. Raingold passes from one ticker

to the other. Brokers rush in to see him—his clerks consult him. He is reported inactive. The fox has covered himself with a sheep's skin.

Stolid and grim he stands, passing the tape through his fingers. He is fighting a silent battle. It has come sooner than he expected, but he is ready. Not one of the brokers who come into his office suspect how deep is his concern in the fearful fight. All is quiet where he stands. The only sound is the tic, tic, tic of the telegraph instrument recording the sales on 'Change. Frederic, Junior, constantly comes and goes, writing down a few mumbled words on small bits of paper which he slips into envelopes and sends over to the Exchange.

A Napoleon or a Wellington decides a battle in half an hour—the strain on the nerves does not last all day; in Wall street it lasts many days. To hold a market is more terrible than to hold a line; to break a market the effort is sometimes more tremendous than to penetrate an enemy's front.

For days Raingold has marshalled his forces. The enemy is on the run. Ladd's time shows the delivery hour. Messengers run from office to office to compare stocks. There is a lull on 'Change. Suddenly Raingold's hand is discovered; his brokers charge. The market again breaks, and the stock is hammered, hammered, hammered. There are men shrieking on the floor; there are men with pale faces and red faces, men struggling in the pressing throng, wildly endeavoring to save themselves from impending ruin.

And Raingold? He sees nothing of this. Mechanically he passes the tape through his fingers. But his eyes? There is a strange glare in them; it is the glare of a beast of prey as it pounces on a victim.

It is three o'clock. Failures are read from the rostrum. Frederic Raingold smiles as he counts the list of the fallen. And then his son enters and speaks to him:—"Father!"

The tape is crunched and broken in the iron hand. The man of millions leans against the frail wooden box of the ticker. Pushed from its place, the glass cover of the instrument disarranges the flowing tape, which forms strange patterns inside of it. This man of millions sways beside this flimsy box. Frederic jumps to his father's side and catches him as he is about to fall. He calls to the chief clerk: "Here, quick; father has fainted; lay him on a lounge. Send for a doctor. Keep it quiet; not a word outside."

Raingold, clutching a slender bit of tape, lays on the lounge

breathing heavily, while his son loosens the shirt at the neck.

"Water!" he cries faintly. "Water!"

How livid is the scar on the forehead! how ghastly the set grin of the teeth! Do you know that men are cursing you, Frederic Raingold, while you lie here so heavily, breathing so loudly? But you—you are wandering off into a hilly country, where waters flow with a murmuring sound, where linnet and lark chant their evening and morning hymns, where people pass rich on little a year; yes, once more you are wandering along over dusty roads, a meagre looking, barefoot boy.

CHAPTER XXV.

IN WHICH MR. FREDERIC RAINGOLD DECIDES TO PLACE HIS
HOUSE IN ORDER.

SEVEN o'clock. Seven o'clock by all the clocks of the city. Seven o'clock in the evening. Seven by the hands of Trinity's great dial; seven by the small timepiece on the table in poor Tom's mother's humble home; seven by the Star Theatre's stage doorkeeper's little clock; seven by the clock in the Principal Keeper's "private office"; seven o'clock by the great, deep-voiced clock in the fashionable church not far from Mr. Raingold's residence. Seven o'clock in prison, palace, and tenement.

It is dinner time in all the grand houses in the aristocratic section. Mrs. Raingold's butler has flung open the doors to the dining room and has announced to her that "dinner is served." They—Mrs. Raingold, Mary, and Frederic, Junior—are seated at the handsome table covered with a shining white cloth, upon which rest beautiful china, sparkling glass, and costly silver. Two men wait upon them while the butler stands by watching the serving of the courses. Frederic talks of many trivial things. Mary scarce opens her lips, and Mrs. Raingold's brow shows a trace of anxiety. One thought is on all their minds, but they do not speak of it, for are there not three human phonographs moving about them to catch every word—three very much interested manservants who have been reading all the evening papers in the pantry?

But where is Mr. Raingold? Where is he who has again proven himself the Master of Wall Street? Where is he whose iron will and busy brain has coined the gold that Mrs.

Frederic Raingold jingles in the pursuit of the gilded butterfly? Oh, Raingold! Why, he is sitting upstairs in his library; sitting with an ugly frown on his forehead, staring at the picture-covered wall, staring into the landscape by Corot, staring at a rough road which winds away under the shade of the trees, wondering where it will lead.

You do not sit like a strong man in your big, comfortable easy chair, Mr. Raingold. Your large, powerful frame appears to have lost its robustness; you seem to sink into the soft, cushioned chair as though you were more than weary. Are you worn, and jaded, and weary? Do you hear the loud tongue of the clock tell the half hour? Time is creeping on you, man, as you go travelling away in your fancies. They are dining without you, Mr. Raingold. Are you thinking because your medical man looked grave as he stood beside you a short time ago that it may not be long before they may soon be compelled to form the habit of dining without you? Are you ready to wander away into the shade of the trees, into the soft evening lights, and to be lost to them in the quiet depths beyond?

And now the loud tongue in the church clock calls to you. Eight—eight o'clock. Eight o'clock in the evening. Come back from your dreams, Mr. Raingold, for you have arranged to set yourself down to work to-night although your physician has told you to be careful—to rest. He has cautioned you, but you are headstrong—just as headstrong this evening as you have been ever since you came to this city determined to wrest wealth out of iron hands. You start, you look at your watch, you take a letter from your pocket.

This is no dainty, perfumed paper. How common it looks with its ruled lines of faded red! The envelope, too, has a cheap look; there is no need to turn the flap for the name of a fashionable stationer. Who is your correspondent, Mr. Raingold? Who is it that writes a hand so cramped, who has toiled, no doubt, to make the writing legible, who has scratched out the blots with a dull knife?

Come, come, Mr. Raingold, don't sit there like a dull schoolboy with wandering mind, but to your letter. Does it annoy you? Open, majestic sir, and let the curious peep over your shoulder. No? Why not? Is it because the front door bell has sounded that you push it back into your pocket? There are sounds on the stairs; your son, your heir, is ascending. He is talking with wise-faced men—men who know your affairs, men who have tied and loosed legal knots for you

during many years. They come sometimes before the doctor and always after. They enter your library.

"Well, Crote, I am glad you have come?" says Mr. Raingold. "How are you, Logan? Shut the door, Fred."

"Had a bad spell, I hear, Raingold; stomach, I suppose," Lawyer Crote replies, taking Raingold's hand in his, and adds: "You will probably be all right in a day or two."

"Vertigo," suggests Logan, "is apt to come from the stomach when the nervous system is overtaxed."

"Well, gentlemen, you may be right, but I have a different idea. The doctors do not say much, but advise me to arrange my affairs so that I need not be troubled if I find myself ill, which means, get ready should the train start. I want to have my affairs in shape should the cry come: 'All aboard.'"

"Oh, you take this attack too seriously, Mr. Raingold."

"You are unnecessarily worried, father," adds his son very gently.

"Come to business, gentlemen," cries Mr. Raingold, with his old, energetic way. "First of all, I desire to say that my son Frederic is to become my partner in business. I want the co-partnership to begin to-day—now; the notice to appear in to-morrow's papers; the firm name to remain the same—simply, Frederic Raingold. The transactions of the office during the last six weeks must be closed out, and I have instructed my son as to my wishes in every respect. Should I die, my will will regulate the disposition of my property. Should I live, I have determined to retire from business. When the accounts in the office are adjusted the co-partnership will be dissolved. Fred will have ample means to continue in business or to retire. I want my money put in good securities so that, in the event of my death, there will be no trouble to divide it."

The co-partnership papers were duly drawn up, signed, and executed, and Frederic Raingold, Junior, was, by a stroke of his father's pen, made his partner. A feeling of pride shot through the young man's heart, and, turning to his father, he said with tears in his eyes: "Governor, I do wish this was to be a firm created for achievement, not just to wind up matters. How I should love to fight the battles beside you!"

"My boy," said his father kindly; "listen to me. I have fought and I have been victorious. Your mother, Mary, and you are, or will be, independently rich—rich as fortunes are to-day; but, honestly, I would be happier now if I had re-

tired from business on my first hundred thousand dollars. When you hunt riches they are shadows; when you have them they are as intangible. Enough is as good as a feast. Take my advice—and Crote,” said he with a smile, “we old fellows advise youngsters and the youngsters do just as we have done, and when they are old fellows they give advice to those who won’t follow it, just as I am doing—get out of business, live on your money, enjoy what is enjoyable in the world, and leave money getting to others.”

“Don’t you believe in work, father?”

“I have believed in work, but working for money is a mere passion. Work to build up something besides a hill of gold. When you reach the limitations of your wants money has lost its value; it has ceased to become a means of acquisition.”

The lawyers concluded their work and departed, leaving father and son together.

“Fred,” said his father softly, “we have not been very intimate; but you are a good boy, though foolish. I have tried to keep you down by not giving you much money, but it has not been a success. Hush, my boy, I know exactly what you are. Had I been a rich man’s son I might have been like you. Whether I live or die you are a rich man. Look out, my lad; you are in danger. I should like you to marry a good wife. Don’t get a woman simply because she is beautiful, or fashionable, or rich. Marry her if she has not a rag or a cent, if you think her good and fond of you. Protect her and protect yourself. If you find her thoughts going to society and fashion, blot them out. The curse of my life was your mother’s love of fashion.” Saying this, Raingold struck the table with his fist violently.

“The best wife for you,” he continued, “will be some girl who has been hawked about the fashionable marriage market and whose family have had means. Such a girl is sick of fashion and money. My ambition for money and your mother’s ambition for society have sent us along separate paths. A girl who has had nothing will be like a beggar on horseback.”

“I have no idea of marrying, father.”

“I suppose not. It is the fashion, but a bad one. But do as I tell you. Now, my son, it is late. Tell Mary I want her. And, by the way, remember, close up the campaign—no more speculation.”

The young man left the room and Mary entered. She kneeled beside her father. “Daughter, is there any wish I can grant you?”

“Why, no, father, dear; none. Why, what can I wish

for?" she asked, looking up into his face. His was so grave; hers so troubled.

"Daughter, I have given you a fortune. I wish you to be free to marry whom you please, and to be absolutely independent. Be careful in your choice. How I should like to see you settled in your own home, with a good, kind husband, with lots of curly-headed little youngsters, and—"

"Oh, papa!" And the tender-hearted girl let her head fall on her father's knee and wept bitterly.

CHAPTER XXVI.

IN WHICH MARY RAINGOLD AND MILDRED VANE ONCE
MORE MEET FACE TO FACE.

THE morning after the performance at the Star Theatre, as related in a late chapter of this history, two young women in two sections of the city, at about the same hour, sent to the news-stands in their neighborhoods for a complete set of morning newspapers. Each sat up in her own bed and turned the leaves rapidly, looking for the theatrical news. One was Mildred Vane in her small boarding house bedroom; the other was Mary Raingold in her beautifully draped and exquisitely furnished chamber.

Mildred's face wore an anxious look. She wondered what the critics would say, for although she knew the audience had been greatly pleased, she had seen so much written about plays in a mean and carping spirit that she feared the writings about her own performance. The first glance at the headlines in the *Herald* brought reassurance and a flush of pleasure;

MARVELLOUS MILDRED.

Miss Vane Achieves a Grand Triumph at the Star
Theatre in a New Play.

Oh, young man with the white satin tie, your article may not have been a literary gem or a criticism to be transcribed to the sacred books of dramatic criticism, but every word of it delighted the fluttering heart of Mildred Vane. What en-

couragement it brought her! what strength it gave her to keep a firm step on the new roadway! Every word of it pressed itself upon the tablet of her memory. The *Sun*, *World*, *Planet*, *Times*, *Tribune*, praised her work, the play, the performance; further, they expressed the hope of seeing her in other rôles. She threw herself back on the pillows and clasped her hands. To her it seemed as though the Red Sea had parted and there was a way out of Egypt, even though the stony hearted Pharaoh, with his chariots, pursued her.

And Mary, too, read with pleasure. She rejoiced in her calm way that good fortune had waited upon the girl who had been so kind and good to those who needed help. She was wise in her simple way, far wiser than she looked. In her visits among the poor she had learned how often necessity was an inexorable taskmaster, bent upon breaking the will of those who desire to stand on their own feet. She had seen that want pressed men and women down the hill of life. Mary felt for those who could not stand against the terrible temptations which beset the poor and struggling. "We do not realize the depths of pitfalls," she used to say to herself, "who have never been forced to the brink of the precipice." She knew that artistic success meant popularity; popularity money; and money a right to elect a course of conduct.

That morning these young women went shopping.

In the course of her visits to many stores Mary Raingold walked into a great dry goods establishment on Broadway and proceeded to the silk department. She took a seat on the revolving stool beside the long, smooth-polished counter. Before her were placed silks of many qualities, shades and weights. These she was examining when, turning her head somewhat, she noticed the slight, familiar figure of a young woman busily engaged in looking at several pieces which she was comparing with a small sample. At a glance Mary recognized Mildred Vane.

The young actress sat with her face set toward the counter so fixedly that the covert glances, slanted sideways by Mary Raingold, did not catch her eye. There was that about her which seemed to Mary to be a resolution on Mildred's part not to see anyone or anything but the silks. Indeed, she turned somewhat to the side opposite to Mary, thereby removing the face from Mary's point of observation. This action, though slight in itself, implied a consciousness of Mary's presence, and indicated to her a desire on Mildred's part to avoid meeting her. For a moment Mary Raingold, who was less than ordinarily impulsive, was moved to go

over to where Mildred sat, but a second thought—that which connected the young girl with her father and the mystery of it—controlled her, and she sat mechanically looking at silks, with her mind occupied with other thoughts.

Our estimable friends, Messrs. Howell and James, would at this juncture place the head of Miss Mary Raingold before them, and treat the readers of this history to a psychological clinic and account for every shade of expression now sweeping over her fair face. It is enough for us to know that Mary's mind was greatly disturbed. She realized that Mildred Vane had always avoided her, and that there must be a reason for it; that she, Mary, was a woman of a conventional world, and that women of the conventional world always gathered their skirts lest they should brush the skirts of an actress; that Mildred was an actress. But why should she, who knew nothing of the young actress, except what was good and kind, assume anything beyond the facts? Why should she be governed by her education rather than by her womanly feelings? This, all this, swept through her mind in a half-defined sort of way, in a series of short, quick, controlled impulses, then, yielding to the greatest of all, Mary arose, walked over to Mildred, and, putting out her hand, said: "Well, Miss Vane, let me congratulate you."

"Thanks! how kind of you! Did you see me?" Mildred replied, the color coming and going from her cheeks, while a glance of pleasure and gratefulness flashed from under the drooping lids.

"I went last night. The play was capital, so strong; and you were lovely, charming; I was delighted with you. Don't you feel very proud?" Mary asked, her eyes beaming with enthusiasm.

"I feel very happy. That performance meant so much to me." Mildred's voice quivered as she spoke. "Indeed, I am proud; for many years I have worked and worked, but never could get an opening. It was a pure accident that I got the part this time. The lady was taken ill who was to have played it and I got it just by chance, the merest accident."

"If it meant so much to you, Miss Vane, don't believe it accident. Chance and accident are in the sequence of events. Don't you think we call many things chance and accident simply because they are unexpected?"

"Well, I don't know. I fear I am not deep enough to know what to expect and what not to expect. I did not expect last night's success, and I may expect success the next time and be a failure," Mildred said reflectively. Then, rising

from her seat, she held out her hand to Mary saying, "Good-bye; I must go now. I am so glad to have seen you."

"When will I see you again?" Mary asked, feeling that she would have liked to have said: "Do come and see me."

Mildred looked at her beneath her drooping lids and said, after a pause, very gently, in a faltering sort of way, yet firmly: "Miss Raingold, may I cherish the hope that you will come to the theatre once in a while to see me, not in the same piece of course, but at different times. It would be a great pleasure to me to know that you took that much interest in me."

"Indeed, I do take an interest in you—a great interest. Of course, I will come to see you play, but I did not mean that. Can't you"—and Mary's eyes fell and her voice faltered—"can't you—come—and see me?"

"Oh, Miss Raingold, don't ask me. You cause me great pain. I do think of you so much; you are so good, kind, and sympathetic. I would love to feel that you thought kindly of me. Do not think unkindly of me when I say that it is impossible, quite impossible." Great tears stood in the corners of Mildred's eyes. Then she added passionately, yet in a low voice: "Miss Raingold, I endeavored to avoid you for fear, in the innocence of your nature, in the sweetness of your disposition, in the kindness of your heart, you would speak to me. I must not be seen talking to you. Your world and mine are not the same; you have no place in mine and I would be driven out of yours. It would hurt you to be seen talking to me. Do not say you know me; cut me when we pass each other; but think kindly of me. Good-bye."

Mary's heart, ever ready to swell with affection for those who needed help, pained her with its fullness. She trembled with her own emotion as they stood talking in the quiet corner of the store near the door. Her impulsive, magnanimous nature throbbed in sympathy with the woman whose consideration for her forced her to an expression of herself, which must have been cruelly hard.

"No; no," Mary exclaimed, holding the hand. "Dear Miss Vane, there is something better than the conventionalities of society and the unwritten laws of—shall I say Bohemia?—something better than the wisdom of men. Come, I know a higher, better, and nobler law—that law causes me to hold you by the hand. Dear Miss Vane, can it help you?—hold it then. Are we not both women, young women? Everything essential to life is mine, everything essential to life you, I take it, must earn; one is stronger therefore, one weaker.

Dear Miss Vane, if I am protected in so many things, can I not protect you in some things?"

"Oh, don't speak like that, I beg of you," Mildred protested; "you do not know what you say. It is not—I do not mean because I work—you cannot understand. Miss Raingold, why do you force me? It hurts me, but I must—you are a pure woman, and I—I—"

"Hush," said Mary sweetly, her face shining with an almost holy light. "Remember, the Master said: 'Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow.' Dear Miss Vane," (Mary took both Mildred's hands in hers and pressed them,) "let us not live wholly for the estimate the world shall put upon us. One who stood at the foot of the cross was a woman of the sisterhood of women, whom society would have stoned had not the gentle Master said: 'He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her.'"

And then, after a brief interval and fervid pressures of the hand, the two young women went their respective ways.

CHAPTER XXVII.

IN WHICH ALFRED CECIL SAYS FAREWELL TO MARY RAINGOLD
AND AMERICA.

"THERE will be no necessity, mother, of writing to Mr. Cecil," said Mary slowly, as she replaced in its envelope a square looking note; "he declines."

"Declines!" repeats Mrs. Raingold in a matter of fact sort of way.

"Yes; declines on the plea of a previous engagement."

Mary's voice gives to the sentence a touch of irony, which causes Mrs. Raingold to turn from her costly secretary of ill-laid Japanese wood where she is busy writing notes, for when not otherwise engaged in the morning, Mrs. Raingold is generally discovered at her desk. The worthy matron has a mania for correspondence, social and philanthropic.

"My dear Mary, do you not suppose this Mr. Cecil has engagements as well as you and I; and yet you speak of his 'previous engagement' as though it were an excuse? Have you so poor an opinion of my invitations that any one seeks an excuse?" Mrs. Raingold, at this moment, was a picture of dignity.

"I think Mr. Cecil cares little or nothing about our invitations, and I do not believe we could name any date upon which he has not an engagement," Mary replied.

"If your Mr. Cecil is a person of so much consequence, it is strange that I should never have heard of his being in demand; indeed, if the truth were known, I imagine your Mr. Cecil is not invited, and refuses so that he can be the more free to attack people in his paper. These newspaper men are sort of half flesh and half fish, like mermaids. One half above water, the other half beneath. They seem to consider themselves critics of everybody in the world, except those who happen to follow the same spying, eavesdropping profession. I have met editors in my time, and a prosy, ill-natured, cynical, sour crew they were too. What airs they put on! Good gracious! why——"

"I do not know, mother, what your experience has been," said Mary softly, her eyes lighting with that steady light which always indicated rising temper; "but so far as Mr. Cecil is concerned, I know him to be a modest, retiring, highly educated man, who is not fond of society, and believes it to be largely constituted of persons conspicuous for wealth, vanity, show and sham. However, he is not coming, so let him drop. I do not wish to discuss him."

Scarce half an hour had been marked by the tell-tale hands of Mrs. Raingold's clock when a servant entered the boudoir with a card on a silver tray. This he handed to Mary Raingold. She looked at it and said quietly: "Tell him I will be down in a few minutes."

There was a faint flush of color on her cheeks and a more joyous tone in her voice as she spoke. She arose at once and was about leaving the room in order to change her light morning gown for a more suitable dress, when her mother's voice arrested her.

"Who is it, my dear? Is it not rather early for a visitor?"

"Perhaps," she replied.

"But who is it?"

"Mr. Cecil." The mirror told the tale she would have concealed. Her cheeks flushed as she morning.

"Oh!" That was all Mrs. Raingold said, but with what a wealth of meaning she saturated this little word of two letters! Mary closed the door, and Mrs. Raingold?—She tossed down her pen and seizing one with a broad point wrote vigorously.

Alfred Cecil walked up and down the reception room looking at the pictures on the wall, at the photographs, books and bric-a-brac on the table and cabinet, and yet, if the truth be

told, only one thing made an impression on his mind, and that was a photograph of Mary Raingold. Something disturbed this usually calm, quiet man, and that was a thought not remotely connected with the photograph. He sat himself down first in one chair and then in another, wondering to himself that he had called; but having called, he must wait; yet the idea did come to him that if it were possible he would like to cross the hall stealthily and close the front door behind him. Just then he heard the light descending steps of Mary Raingold and he stood awaiting her entrance. In a moment she was in the doorway, so fair and beautiful, that a great longing and a vast regret came into Cecil's heart.

With a smile which was indeed glad, she approached, extending her hand. He took it in his. The clasp he gave it was more firm than allowed by the conventionalities. He held it for a few seconds, she not withdrawing it, saying: "I am so glad to find you. This morning call you must excuse, as I could not come this afternoon."

"Well, sir; I will forgive you," she said archly, with a roguish look from her eyes as though it pleased her to forgive at this time this one particular transgressor. "But why not sit down?"

"Thanks! How is your father; quite himself this morning, I hope?" rejoined Cecil, placing his hat on the table and holding his walking stick.

"Father is quite well this morning, but we were dreadfully shocked when he was brought home last night. He is much upset, but we do not think it was anything but a fainting fit." Mary's voice trembled as she spoke and her beautiful eyes clouded.

"I sincerely hope so." Then twirling his stick between his hands, he said: "I came to say good-bye, Miss Raingold; I sail for Havre Saturday, and between now and then I shall be very busy, as I go to Washington to-night."

The light faded in her eyes and she said softly: "Will you be gone—long?"

"Some years." He picked out certain points in the Turkish rug with his stick, while Mary's eyes listlessly followed the ferule in its erratic movements.

"Weary of home, I suppose; tired of our matter of fact city life?" she said softly.

"No. Not weary of New York. My life is a very quiet yet very busy one. New York is the theatre in which I have played many parts, and it has a fascination for me; still, certain things have come up which I feel I should best deal with

by going abroad. You spoke of home. Home is a very sweet word to me, Miss Raingold; it contains every beautiful thought of which I am capable—it is an earthly paradise; but in the years gone by, long since gone by, something entered into my life and it irrevocably closed the doors of home. Sometimes I am made painfully conscious of this. Then I suffer. In the old days I plunged into work, now I travel—seek new faces, new fields.”

As Alfred Cecil spoke his voice was low, distinct, and very sad. There was that about him which caused Mary to know that he was speaking of some deep sorrow, and she felt as though she wished it were possible for her to lay her hand gently on his head, but this she could not do, so she merely clasped her hands and remained silent and motionless. After a pause Cecil continued:

“I make few friends, Miss Raingold, and offer few my friendship, but I cannot go away without saying to you one thing. It may be you will never need a friend, a true, loyal friend; but if you should, will you let me be that?”

“Oh! Mr. Cecil, how——”

“Excuse me. Let me be that friend. Wherever I am I will in the blessed name of friendship come to you even though I have to come from a very distant corner of the earth. Merely send word to my apartments that you wish to see me. With your permission I will leave word to communicate your message, which, thanks to electricity and ocean cables, will reach me very quickly. This is what I have come to ask you this morning; to ask you to let me be your friend should you require one; to offer all I can offer—my friendship.”

“I will remember this, Mr. Cecil; indeed, I will,” answered Mary very gently. Impulsively she held out her hand. He took it, pressed it, and dropped it. Then he arose saying with a pleasant smile which did not conceal the twitching in the corners of his mouth: “It is a compact. Now, good-bye.”

They clasped hands.

“Bid me a pleasant voyage.”

She did not speak. Her eyes were cast down, her face, pale with inward excitement, was averted. They unclasped hands and parted.

And then—Mary sank into a chair and pressed a handkerchief to her eyes. A great sadness had come over her.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

IN WHICH THE READER ONCE MORE SEES TOM IN THE
GRIM, GREY PRISON.

AND while all the world was busy seeking the illusive but necessary dollar, and made sad or happy by changing circumstance, Tom went his dull, monotonous way from morning to night. At first he was restive under the restraint of prison discipline, but soon he became calm and almost contented, counting off the days which seemed to pass more quickly. His companion cheered him considerably with his observations on prison life. One night as Tom lay in the upper bunk, he heard coming from the darkness below the voice of his cell-mate asking him if he were asleep.

"No," answered Tom.

"I was thinking to-day, friend of my evil days, that you do not adapt yourself to circumstances with Christian fortitude, but seem to mope and cherish resentment. This is a mistake. Look at me; I forgive those whose zeal has removed me from the brilliant thoroughfares, from the temptations of the gay metropolis, and bear no malice. This place, so deficient in modern conveniences, so simple in its life, is a grand health resort, a great rest cure. Just think what it would cost us if we should seek rest in any one of the advertised resorts! Here we have bed and board, washing and medical attendance furnished by a paternal government. My boy, be thankful, and, above all, be cheerful. It jars upon me to see you mope."

"Well, I ain't a teef; I ain't no thug."

"Of course not. There is not a thief or a plug-ugly in the hotel. What a dreadful idea! Wait until Sunday, my lad, and you will see how pious this little community can be. The Protestant and Roman Catholic chapels will be full. Why, my boy, not one of Hotel Keeper Brown's guests could be induced to stay away from service. And the singing! The chorus is simply grand. I have always regretted that I was not musical. Our string orchestra is the finest in any one of the Hotels at Auburn, Dannemora, or Sing Sing. Every evening they play at Brown's house. My lad, music hath charms, and here musicians are at a premium."

"Yuh ain't uncomfortable in dis place?" asked Tom, leaning over his bunk.

"Uncomfortable? Never been uncomfortable in my life. When I go to a new place I learn the ropes, and there are lots of ropes. Society is mixed, but, with a little care, you find yourself where you want to be. The old chap next to me is a life man, and he has done ten years already. He knows all the gossip."

"Gossip?" says Tom. "Dere ain't no gossip."

"My lad, the habitu  of this hotel knows everything that is going on inside and out. There is the 'underground railroad,' and it brings us everything but whiskey and firearms. How do you suppose I could tell you that Harris was coming up if it were not for the 'underground'?"

"Guessed it."

"Not a bit of it. I read it in this morning's paper. My newsdealer furnishes me with newspaper clippings almost every day. He cuts the columns in narrow slips, wraps them around a match, and delivers them. He sometimes leaves out important items, but the next day I get them from the other fellow. About four of us get the same paper. Now, go to sleep. Good night!"

When Bunk No. 1 said good night, Bunk No. 2 realized that it was time to go sleep and that conversation was at an end. For a while Tom lay in his narrow bunk listening to the sounds in the long corridor. Through the windows of the outer wall the silver moonbeams stole, dispelling the gloom. He could hear the keeper making his rounds, his step sounding on the stone floor; and, as though to make the stillness of the night more impressive, he could easily detect the rhythmical breathing of six hundred sleeping men. Now and then a shrill cry would ring out, and he knew some one of his number had shrieked in his sleep, dreaming, no doubt, of some hideous crime. Little by little he grew drowsy and it seemed to him that the cell door was thrown open. The striped suit was laid aside for that of a civilian. Once more he breathed the air of liberty, and Principal Keeper Connaughton had given him a paper, saying: "Here, Tom, is the Governor's pardon." And then he slept soundly, the happy, dreamless night.

With the morning came a surprise. He rubbed his eyes and wondered if he had been asleep, because a keeper told him to go to the Principal Keeper's office. Tom wondered if there was a pardon for him. He could not help thinking of all the dreams he had been told had come true, and, as he



"In his new capacity as messenger Tom saw the industries of the prison. He was surprised to find how much there was done in them." (See page 139.)

hurried across the yard, his heart beat with hope. Once inside the small room he took his stand face to the wall, hat in hand. There were others there waiting their turn to be called by Principal Keeper Connaughton. Some had requests to make, others complaints to enter, while others were to receive advice. Finally he heard his name and turned.

"McCarty," said the Principal Keeper, "you are at work in the rag shop?"

"Yes, sir," replied Tom, twirling his cap.

"I am going to make you a messenger, my lad. This is a nice job for a bright, intelligent boy and has its privileges. You must be quick and respectful."

A sad look came over his face, which Mr. Connaughton noticed.

"Well, what is the matter?"

"I dreamed I wuz pardoned, sir; I t'ot dat wuz wot yuh wuz a-goin' ter say." A tear stole down his cheek; he brushed it hastily away.

"Don't dream that, my boy; your time will pass more quickly than you think for."

In his new capacity as messenger Tom saw the industries of the prison. He was surprised to find how much there was done in them. In the manufacture of clothing he saw nearly four hundred men at work, cutting, sewing at machines, and finishing garments; in the manufacture of overalls some one hundred and fifty, and in the shoe shop about one hundred. His prison life hitherto had been restricted to the rag shop, and although he had seen squad after squad file through the yards and main building, he did not know what kind of work was done.

He was often sent to the room where the idle men sat waiting to be assigned to some of the industries. It always amused him to see the young and the old with shaven faces waiting for "a job," like so many others he had seen in the Bowery lodging houses. But nothing impressed him so much as the night shift to Dannemora. One evening he had been kept out later than usual and he saw a double row of convicts pass through the snow-covered yard toward the railroad gate. They were handcuffed in couples and carried small bundles under their free arms. Beside them walked several keepers, with lanterns in their left hands and sticks in their right. He learned that at certain intervals the Superintendent in Albany, in order to relieve the pressure on Sing Sing, authorized the removal of a given number of convicts to Clinton and Auburn. Sing Sing to Tom seemed bad enough, but to be sent fur-

ther away from New York was like adding exile to imprisonment, and he wondered, if in time, he too should be hurried away in the gloom of the night to serve out his sentence on the bleak hillside at Dannemora.

One afternoon just as the sun was setting Gentleman Tom crossed the prison yard with a message from the Principal Keeper's office. Suddenly he stopped, attracted by the gesticulations of a fellow messenger who was endeavoring to attract his attention. The man came up saying:

"Say, Cully; de Cap'n sez dat yuh, Brennan, an' me is to go out to 'Gallery 25' wid spades an' picks."

"What is 'Gallery 25'?" asked Tom.

"'Gallery 25'? Why, ain't yuh done no plantin' in 'de Gallery'? Ain't yuh ever locked in de doctor's incurables? Why, Cully, 'de Gallery' is de buryin' ground."

Shortly after Tom and two other convicts, under the watchful eyes of a keeper, dug a deep trench and into it placed a long narrow pine box, containing the wasted form of a man who had served his life sentence in the great granite prison. Many and quick were the thoughts that flashed through Tom's brain as each spadeful of earth fell with a thud on the coffin, and he wondered if he too might not be laid to rest among the unvisited graves of the prison cemetery.

How many men are sent to the State prison to serve out sentences of ten years, who after a year or two succumb to prison life, are sent to the hospital, and are finally locked in the earth of the prison cemetery, forgotten by friends, forgotten by keepers, forgotten by society whose laws they have broken!

CHAPTER XXIX.

IN WHICH MR. RAINGOLD LEARNS THAT WILD OATS SOWN IN
THE SPRING MAY SOMETIMES RIPEN IN AUTUMN.

AND now our travellers, who for some weeks have journeyed through the country traversed by the Road of the Rough, find themselves—as tourists in foreign climes sometimes do—at a point where the limitations of time and the exactions of circumstance compel the dismemberment of a pleasant company, that each may pursue his or her own way in accordance with the inflexible rules which govern the smallest and greatest of

mankind. Or, if we who more wisely consider life governed by laws not wholly intelligible to our limited understanding seek in the oracular stars a ruling and directing governance, we will find a great change in the horoscope of each and every traveller. The stars of some are moving toward opposite and distant points, thereby diminishing the influence they exert upon one another. Still, though separated by space, the stars of Mary Raingold and Mildred Vane exert a kindly influence on each other, while those of Alfred Cecil and Mary Raingold, now so affecting each other, must, by reason of their own orbits, lose force from month to month, from year to year. Tom's star is moving toward a happier position and good fortune shines in his horoscope. One star, the star of one whose career has been briefly indicated in this record, is still gleaming with malignant force, although its rays are now intermittent, not constant. It goes its way, flashing toward the very rim of our observation, as stars that plunge from the visible firmament into the limitless, undefined vaults beyond.

In spite of the paragraphs in morning and afternoon papers that Frederic Raingold, the Master of Wall Street, was rapidly recovering from his sudden prostration and would soon reappear in "the Street," that able and powerful leader of the rank and file of financiers remained in his library. His physician daily visited him and daily cautioned him to avoid all matters of business; but the habit of years was not so easily broken, although he had taken his son into partnership with him for that very purpose. His lawyers, too, had visited him frequently, and when they left, Mary noticed her father seemed much weaker. She remonstrated, but without effect. He always replied: "My dear, there are some matters which I must discuss with Crote & Logan." Fred and Mary were much troubled about their father; they viewed with alarm the pallor which had settled down on his usually florid face, and heard him complain of being cold when his room seemed oppressively warm. But Mrs. Raingold assured them that as soon as their father was able to go into the air he would recover his strength. She believed him to be suffering from nervous prostration, and ascribed the grave, solemn look on the doctor's face to professional deportment.

Frederic Raingold was seated as usual in his big chair this Saturday morning looking over the newspapers. Two paragraphs attracted his attention more than all the other news. One informed him that among the passengers on the *La Gasconne* was Alfred Cecil, and the other that Mildred Vane had signed a two years' engagement with her manager. The

second paragraph further chanted a pæan of praise in honor of the young actress, who it declared had deservedly won popular approval by her admirable impersonation of a difficult *rôle*. He sat vacantly looking into the fireplace, when he was aroused by a knock on the door. In response to his command the door was opened by a servant who announced Mr. Crote.

"Well, Crote," said Raingold with a faint smile; "I thought you would never come."

"I came as soon as I could. How are you feeling this morning?" asked Mr. Crote, placing his hat and stick on the table. "Better, I hope?"

"No; about the same. Would you mind shutting that door? Thanks. Well, did you see her?"

"Yes. I saw her." Mr. Crote took several papers from his pocket and selected from them two letters written on common looking paper with red ruled lines. These he handed to Mr. Raingold, saying: "Here are her letters. She is not after money."

"What does she want? I have not seen or heard of her for over twenty years," he exclaimed petulantly, and added: "I thought she was dead; in fact, I have not thought of her at all."

"I fear, Raingold, I have a disagreeable surprise in store for you. It certainly was to me."

"Go on! What is it?" Raingold asks, as he settles himself back in his chair with the air of a sick man about to hear trouble. He rests his head on the open palm of his hand and supports his elbow on the table. About his firm mouth hard lines form and there is a cold, grey light in his eyes—a look which had no mercy in it.

"This morning," began the lawyer, "I went to the tenement house which, strangely enough, is yours, and climbed the stairs to Mrs. McCarty's floor. The place smelled of cabbage and sewer gas. It is in a shameful condition. You should order it made habitable."

"Never mind the improvements, Crote; you found her in?" Raingold interrupted impatiently.

"I knocked on the door and asked if she were the Widow McCarty. She said she was. I told her I came from you. To my surprise she replied, 'I don't know any such party.' I produced the letters and asked her to explain. She replied that as her business was purely personal she could not explain it to me. I said you were a very ill man and could not see her. She said she would wait until you got well. I then told her that I was your friend, that you desired her to speak to me

just as though you were present, that you were going abroad as soon as you were able. I saw by the set, determined look in her face that she was a woman of uncommon strength of will and steadfastness of purpose, and that it would be difficult for me to make her talk if she were determined not to do so. She asked me to sit down. She sat herself down by a washtub and gave me a seat by a table with potatoes and carrots upon it."

"Never mind the room, Crote; you don't expect a Murray Hill drawing room in a Mulberry street back alley tenement house, do you?"

"If I did, I did not find it," the lawyer replied dryly, and continued: "She sat with one hand on her knee and the other on the washtub and said to me—'You fetch letters to me sent to *him*, the only letters I have ever sent *him*, so you must know *him*. I would rather have cut off my hand than have written to *him*, but it could not be helped.'"

"That is true; I have never seen or heard from her in all these years," Raingold remarked reflectively.

"I then said, 'Mr. Raingold instructed me to help you with money.' 'Stop there! Stop right there!' she cried, slapping her knee. 'Don't you soil these walls with his name; don't you say help me with his dirty money. Look at these!' and she held up her big, coarse hands. 'Tell *him* how big and rough they are; tell *him* these are the hands he used to kiss; look at them now! Washing clothes and floors have done this. Tell *him* the rings he put on them I pitched in the sewer and the memory of *him* after them.'"

"Twenty-five years, and as dramatic as ever," murmured Raingold with a sneer.

Lawyer Crote looked at his client. There was that in his eyes which Frederic Raingold did not see, and had he seen he would not have understood, for Crote was an honorable man. He believed in the Great Judge, and wondered sometimes how some men would be able to stand at the great bar to receive their sentences.

"Perhaps," answered Crote slowly. He looked at Mr. Raingold steadily and then told his story, not sparing his client in the least. He continued, saying: "But she does not want money!"

"What in thunder does she want?"

"She makes no requests; she demands."

"Demands!" Raingold sat upright and clenched his fist.

"Yes, demands of you, your influence for her son; for her boy who is in Sing Sing—for 'Gentleman Tom.'"

"The fellow who marked me?" Raingold whispered hoarsely, pointing to the mark on his forehead.

"The very same."

"I'll see her d——."

"No, you won't, Raingold; not by any means. Calm yourself."

"Why not?"

"Because—he is your son!"

"My son!" Raingold sank back into his big chair. He closed his eyes and swept his damp forehead with his hand. After a pause Raingold said faintly: "Do you believe her?"

"You ought to know whether she is to be believed. Do you?"

Raingold made no answer.

"I believe every word she uttered was true," said Crote slowly, and added: "If her story were told in court it would convince a jury."

"That—that—must not be."

"The woman has kept her secret; your name has never been on her lips. Save her son—your son—and your family will be spared——"

"She has no legal claims!" Raingold interrupted. The mention of his family awakened the fighting spirit in his nature.

"Oh, no. She has none and pretends to none. She does not set up any claims of any kind. In fact, she does not want anything from you."

"Does the boy—does her son know who ——?"

"She says he knows nothing and will know nothing."

Again there was a pause.

"Why did she not send to me before the trial?"

"Because she did not connect you in any way with Tom's trouble. Since then her letters to you have remained unanswered."

Again there was a long pause. The lawyer walked up and down the floor while Raingold sat looking into the fire. He was the first to speak, he called: "Crote ——"

The lawyer approached and sat down.

"What do you advise?" Raingold's voice was husky. He did not change his attitude. He sat staring into the flaring coals, busy with his troubled thoughts.

"Advise! The situation is briefly this. The woman is determined to release her son if possible. She has neither influence nor money. You enjoy both. What is impossible to her may be possible to you. This she understands. She



“‘My son!’ Raingold sank back in his big chair. He closed his eyes and swept his damp forehead with his hand. After a pause Raingold said faintly: ‘Do you believe her?’” (See page 144.)

is determined to force you to use your influence. If you do not she will go to the newspapers."

"What good will that do her?"

"None, perhaps, but it will be her revenge on you for not helping her. You can not afford the scandal. The public will say you knew it was your son; that you had him sent to prison to get him out of the way. You must act."

"But what can I do?"

"I will draft a petition for his pardon. You can sign it. We can arrange to have the other signatures. Will you try to get the boy out?"

"Will this keep the affair quiet?" asked Raingold cautiously.

"You may rely on her. If for all these years she has preserved the secret of the great wrong done her, and has struggled to maintain herself without ever appealing to you, you may depend upon it that she will continue to do as she has done."

"Well, draw up the papers."

"Very well; I will send them Monday."

"Can't you do it now? Something may happen between this and Monday. It is like putting off a will."

"I may as well do it now," replied the lawyer, taking his seat at the desk. He was thinking perhaps that by Monday Mr. Raingold might change his mind, and he thought that this single act of justice had best be done while the man was in the mood for it.

Lawyer Crote sat writing and Mr. Raingold sat thinking.

After an interval the latter surprised his lawyer by saying: "Crote, devise some scheme by which the boy and his mother can receive a comfortable monthly allowance if they go to Australia, and to continue so long as they remain there. It can be made payable at a bank in Melbourne. Say, \$3,000 a year; that is what I used to allow Fred. When he is pardoned it will be best for him to go away."

"And best for all the others, eh?"

"Exactly."



CHAPTER XXX.

IN WHICH FREDERIC RAINGOLD SITS IN HIS LIBRARY AND SILENCE ENTERED THE ROOM AND FILLED IT.

MR. RAINGOLD'S mind is busy, busy with many matters he feels he must dispose of this afternoon. He has much business to transact, much more than he had intended, much more than Mr. Crote had expected to cope with; indeed, the lawyer had said once or twice: "Look here, Raingold, why not leave this until Monday?" But each time the worn and weary man of millions had said: "Oblige me, Crote, by helping me complete these arrangements to-night."

And so the lawyer yielded to his old friend's request and toiled on with the papers which were destined to effect Tom's pardon, with a letter of private instructions concerning persons who were to be provided for under a bequest to a certain Trust Company, and with other arrangements of a secret and private character. Dinner time came. Still there remained papers to copy, sign, and seal; and Mr. Crote expressed his desire to go to his own home, promising to return immediately after; but Mr. Raingold, fearing something might prevent, urged him to remain, and he yielded against his will.

At the table Mrs. Raingold talked lightly of the people who flitted through society like so many comedy characters in a play, and contrasted her mood with that of the man he had just left, who was arranging his affairs so that when his time came the goods and chattels he had spent his life in accumulating, might be preserved for the benefit of his family. He was impressed with the change in Fred's manner, which had become grave, deliberate, and dignified, probably due to his elevation from clerk to principal in the firm. He had never seen the young man in so favorable a light, and he thought at times he saw in him strong evidences of traits inherited from the father; but Mary interested him the most. She was an intimate friend of his own daughter's, a girl about her own age, and therefore had seen more of her than he had of her brother. The face usually so bright only now and then lighted up with a smile, and even then there was sadness in it; the eyes usually sparkling with merriment and innocent mischief had a dull, pained look and bore slight traces of tears. Know-

ing her to be impulsive and tender, he ascribed the cause of this to anxiety for her father. He also noticed that Fred seemed very gentle and considerate to Mary, indicating that the young man was in sympathy with her.

After dinner Mr. Crote made his excuses for withdrawing, saying that he still had unfinished business with Mr. Raingold and would go up to the library.

"Father really ought not to exert himself," said Fred; "the doctor told him to leave business alone. It is bad for him."

"Mr. Raingold has these furious bursts of energy and nothing can check him," said Mrs. Raingold complacently; "and, Mr. Crote, you know how wearing they are. I never saw such a man; he is and always has been an engine."

"I fear, Mrs. Raingold," replied Mr. Crote gravely, "that the conditions of modern life compel men to make engines of themselves to keep up with the furious pace we travel through it."

"Ah, yes," said the dignified and stately matron whose energies for spending were quite equal to her husband's for attaining. "But Mr. Raingold is a rich man."

"There is about as much difficulty in staying rich, Mrs. Raingold, as there is in getting rich; besides, the habit of work acquired during a man's younger days is not easy to break in after years."

Mr. Crote bowed and went up the grand staircase to the library. At once he resumed his task, and as the deep-voiced clock in the fashionable church not far from Mr. Raingold's front door of oak, iron bound and iron studded, struck ten, the last paper had been signed, sealed, and witnessed.

"And now, Raingold, I will say good night," said Mr. Crote, rising and securing the papers with a rubber band, preparatory to putting them into his overcoat pocket.

"Good night, Crote; I am very much obliged to you. I know how hard it comes to work on Saturday evening, but I felt this must be done. It may be a whim. Good night."

They shook hands and parted.

A few minutes after Mrs. Raingold, Mary and her brother came in, but they did not stay long, for they saw their father was worn out, and he promised to take their advice and seek the relief of sleep. After they had gone he removed his clothing and prepared for the night; but, though weary, his mind was active and he determined to sit by the fire and smoke one cigar before going to sleep. He turned out all the lights save the lamp on the table, seated himself in his armchair, gathered the skirts of his dressing gown about him, struck a match, lit

his cigar, and gazed into the fire. Just then the deep voice in the steeple tolled the hour in eleven slow and solemn strokes.

Eleven o'clock. Eleven o'clock by all the clocks in the city. The only voice, Mr. Raingold, you hear from the church has gloomily, solemnly told you the hour. It is Saturday night, too. But there are lights and there is life in the streets, Mr. Raingold; the lights and the life we know you are fond of. Why are you not up as in the days that are gone, instead of sitting here puffing, and burning and turning your cigar into ashes? Why do you sit with eyes wandering from fire to picture, glancing from the heat and the glow of the coals to the shade and the cool of the landscape by Corot? Surely the shadow of the Hand has not fallen upon you—the Hand that will wipe you off the slate as cleanly as you have wiped off the names of your customers? Surely you are not at the end of your margin?

Eleven o'clock. Come, puff your cigar with some of the "furious energy," Mr. Raingold. Do you not know that at this moment the stage door is opening and closing? That she, she with the large eyes and drooping lids, is about to step over its threshold? Come, man, do not sit there all sunken, all jaded, but briskly go out to escort her! No? Is it true, then, she sends you back your letters unopened; unopened to you, the maker of millions? Tut, tut, man; show some of the pluck of the sportsman and follow your game to the end. Is it possible that she has escaped you; you who have walked over the field of your battles among the bones of your victims, heeding not the cry of the orphans?

Come, come, Mr. Raingold, do not sit there so glum. Do you not see that your cigar has fallen to the floor; that it is still burning? Come, man, where is your energy? Why do you sit there with an ugly frown drawing itself down over your face as a veil? Come, come, Sir Knight of the Tape and the Ticker, your house is in order, your goods and your chattels are labelled and ticketed; stir yourself; enjoy your hour of ease! Is it love or resentment or only the flame of the fire that makes your eye kindle? Are you thinking of her who, in the days of her youth, cajoled by your praises and promises, left the land of her fathers, only to learn the meanness and vileness of man through you? Or of her son who, in the strangeness of things, is through you and by you sleeping in the stone corridor with grated doors? Why do you clasp the arms of your chair and cry out, "Oh, God!" And now you sink back into your easy chair with a cold sweat on your forehead. What is this tremor that runs through your frame?

Do you see Silence looking in at the door? Do you hear the clock in the church yonder striking, so slowly, so solemnly, the hour of twelve? Why do you move your hand so feebly over the rounded end of your armchair? Think you it a door knob? Think you the black stuff hangs from it? Why do you start and let your frown grow grey? Think you that Silence has come to stay?

Come, come, Mr. Raingold, don't sit in your big, cushioned chair, so limp and so bent. Come, come, majestic sir, we who know you are not accustomed to see your powerful frame so bent, so lacking in energy. Arouse yourself; your head is hanging to one side—the head you carry so proudly; raise it, man, or the neck will be stiff in the morning. And why do you stare at this landscape by Corot? Do you find rest in the soft evening lights? Do you wander along the endless road winding away beneath the shade of the trees? Do your eyelids never close? Do you never grow weary of staring?

One o'clock. Two o'clock. Three o'clock. Still staring! Still hanging your head! Your neck will be stiff in the morning! How still the room is! Wake up, man; wake up; do you not see the fire is almost out and you are cold? Warm yourself; poke the ashes; stir the embers. No? You will not? Obstinate as ever. Very well, then, stay cold. How expressionless are your hands! Straighten out your fingers; they are drawn and look like claws. Come, come, don't let anyone see them; you know what they have done, but now be secret. You will not, then, let them tell their tale. Your lamp is burning low. The oil is almost gone. Keep your lamp burning or you will be in darkness. No? Then be in darkness.

Three o'clock. Four o'clock. The mice are playing at your feet. Go to bed, man. Your snowy linen sheets await you. There are ashes on the hearth. Your lamp is flickering and—it is out. You are in darkness. You are not alone. The mice run over your bare feet; they sniff at you, sniff at you, Mr. Raingold. What disrespect—and you, you the Master of Wall Street! Have you lost your power? Is the pen to your check-book no longer a sceptre? Shall men, like mice, sniff at you to-day? Come, come, don't sit there as though the Hand were upon you; but move, drive these tiny foragers away. Are you not able to cope with even a mouse?

Five o'clock. Five o'clock and a half hour. There are sounds in your house, Mr. Raingold. Some one is astir. The mice hear them; do you? Do they hear what you cannot hear? Has Silence so filled the room with her presence that no sound can reach you? Are you, then, no more than a

clod of clay? The light of the morning is filling the room. It is cold and grey, and you—how cold and grey you look seated before the hearth with its ashes! Have you not stirred all night? The light of the morning is brighter and more cheery, and you—your face is a deep and whitish grey, your hands pale and pasty, your frame rigid and bent. Come, awake! awake! Your servants are going to early mass, this Sunday morning; going to worship their God, the God of your fathers, the God you have sold for a few millions. Halloa; halloa! will nothing stir you? Hush: let Silence reign—the spirit stands in the presence of God.

THE END.



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